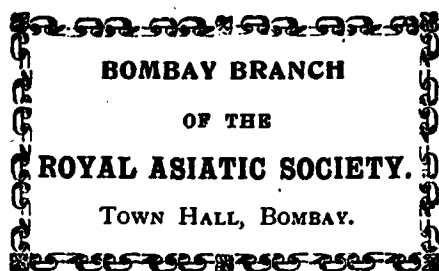




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G.F. Wallis

Ch. Jones

Mrs. Fox

HOLLAND HOUSE.

BY

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PRINCESS MARIE LIECHTENSTEIN.



Elizabeth Lady Holland

WITH NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS.

VOLUME II.

London:
MACMILLAN AND CO.
1874.



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ERRATUM.

Page 170, line 5 from top, for "present," *read* "first."



HOLLAND HOUSE.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE ENTRESOL.

GOING up to the landing between the hall and the first floor, and passing through a door of carved oak, we enter a lobby preceding the rooms on the ENTRESOL. This lobby is connected by a corkscrew staircase with that leading to Lady Holland's private rooms, and from it an *œil de bœuf* looks down upon the stairs of the INNER HALL.

The apartment on the ENTRESOL, which consists of a sitting-room and four bedrooms, has almost always been given to the youngest members of the family.

The sitting-room might be called an hereditary nursery, which, following the growth of its occupants, before taking honours as a sitting-room, has taken its degree as a school-room.

To strangers, the chief attraction of the ENTRESOL would be the different views it offers. The front looks out east, upon the present entrance, with the fountain and border of green lawn and trees; and either end looks out respectively north and south upon the lawn, and upon the terrace which replaces the old entrance.

We shall not find the ENTRESOL, like some other parts of Holland House, filled with objects of interest; may we not therefore stop and think? And if the reader deems our thoughts better suited to a chance pulpit than to the Holland House Entresol, there is always the alternative of skipping the sermon.

A time must come in all long lives when, with the sand nearly run out, and little remaining on earth to look forward to, it is well to cast a look on what has gone by. We dare not always let our thoughts travel back to the stormy years when first we sallied out, unconscious of danger, to wrestle with the world and with ourselves. During those early years of youthful ardour, many an illusion doubtless

has been crushed, many a hope blighted, amid many a tear and many a sigh. How willingly, therefore, do we recall the days of our childhood! Doubtless, to some they have not been entirely golden. There are children who have not felt a mother's hand smooth down their pillow, who have not had a father's knee on which to sit; and children's little griefs are all-absorbing to the children who suffer them. But, looking back, there is a charm about those days in which the world itself seemed created for us alone; and as time separates us from them, their sorrows fade in the distance, and we remember only their joys. If the walls of the nursery re-echo a few passionate sobs, they re-echo also many peals of merry laughter. If they were witnesses for us to dark moments, they were also witnesses for us to happy hours—and, say what we will, the nursery brings to our mind's eye some of the prettiest pictures in the gallery of life.

Little fair-headed angels presiding anxiously over a brick-house which emulates the Tower of Pisa, but is without its architectural security, and the coming down of which with a great crash brings forth a deep sigh from the disappointed girl who has reared it with such care, and an exultant shout from the boy who forgets the downfall of his own

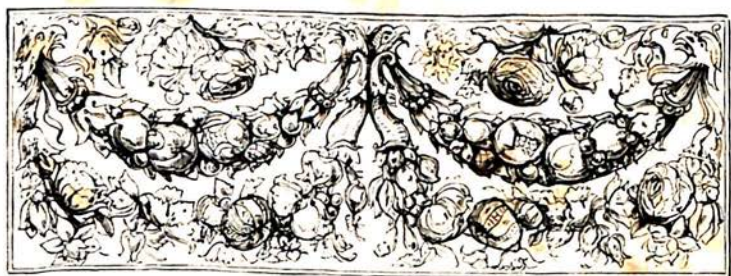
edifice in the triumph of something being destroyed. The warlike urchin in one corner manœuvring his tin soldiers against the army of his younger brother, doomed always to be beaten. The studiously-inclined little sister struggling with locks that will always come between her and the pages of a story-book she is reading for the twentieth time, and which, somewhat upon Ollendorff's system, she could now recite in any order. And the eldest sister, erect before her mother, with her hands properly folded behind her back, reciting the kings of England, and wondering in her inmost soul why there were so many; perhaps wishing that longer reigns had made fewer Sovereigns, as she may later wish that shorter reigns could make less complicated chapters.

To those in their prime who, actively running the world's race, hope to be victorious; to the aged, who, wearied with life's struggle, are content to withdraw; to the gay, careless ones, who, accustomed to live in a vortex, look to the cold, indifferent world for that which it will not, that which it cannot, give—such a retrospect inspires a calm soothing sense of pure, peaceful happiness; whilst from all alike it elicits a smile such as we bestow upon a rosebud freshly sprinkled with the

morning dew, after a tributary sigh to its withered companion.

But we must not get childish over our nursery reflections. Let us for the present leave the memory of our childhood with a prayer that our little ones may be happy.





CHAPTER XVIII.

PLAN OF THE FIRST FLOOR.

It seems an acknowledged fact, though we have not ourselves verified it, that the first floor of Holland House is on a level with the stone gallery of St. Paul's.

At the left-hand side, on the landing of the principal staircase, a door opens into a little ANTE-ROOM looking south; and another door in this room, on the west, leads into the GILT ROOM. At the west end of the GILT ROOM are two doors: one leading into the MINIATURE ROOM, the other into the YELLOW DRAWING ROOM.

The windows of the GILT ROOM are in the southern wall, the three centre ones being contained in an oriel

HOLLAND HOUSE
• 1st FLOOR •



recess of irregular hexagonal form. At the east end of the northern wall, concealed by the panelling of the room, is a very large closet or recess, wherein during Cromwellian times more than one game of hide and seek may have been played. Indeed, we can imagine that the first Earl of Holland found this unsuspected space extremely useful. In the centre of the same wall, surmounted by a radiated arch, and not concealed, is a circular-headed recess. It leads into the SIR JOSHUA ROOM; and a concealed door to the east of the Sir Joshua Room leads into the BLUE ROOM. West of the Sir Joshua Room, a passage in the thickness of the wall takes us into the DINING ROOM. Occupying almost entirely the west side of the DINING ROOM is a large arch, forming part of a wide and deep recess, lighted by a window on the north, and connected at its southern end by a concealed sliding panel with the WEST TURRET STAIRCASE. This recess leads through a glass door into a long gallery, better known as the LIBRARY, forming the WEST WING of the House. Opposite the glass door by which we entered, another and similar glass door leads into the INNER LIBRARY, much smaller than the first Library, and nearly square.

Returning into the large Library, towards the

south-western corner of it, we come to a concealed door opening upon a small STAIRCASE, the other end of which we noticed in the Print Room. This staircase makes a short communication between the Library and the West Rooms on the ground-floor.

On the west side of the LIBRARY a large bay window leads on to a terrace overlooking the DUTCH GARDEN: On the east side are, a casement window hidden in a little recess, and two doors communicating with the terrace over the West Arcade, and the LIBRARY PASSAGE, which connects the LIBRARY with the YELLOW DRAWING ROOM. On the south side of the YELLOW DRAWING ROOM is a bay-window, in the recess of which a door (south-east) serves as another entrance into the MINIATURE ROOM.

Through this last room we reach the GILT ROOM once more. Then, passing through the ANTE-ROOM, we find ourselves again on the landing of the principal staircase.

LADY HOLLAND'S APARTMENT is a *pendant* to the principal Library, and forms the EAST WING of the House. It consists of four rooms connected with each other, between the most northern of which and the BLUE ROOM is a deep recess.



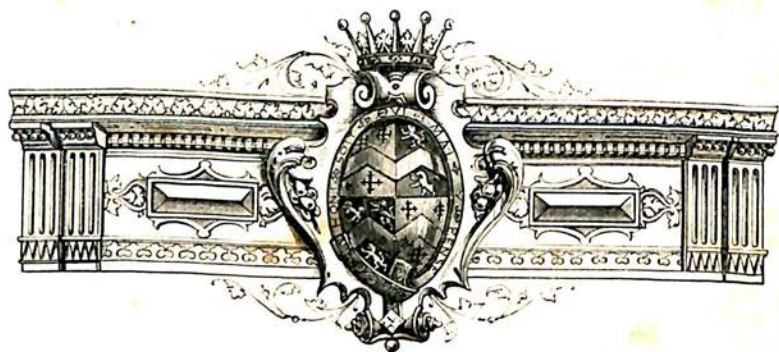
G.F. Webb RA

C.H. Jones

Mary Augusta Lady Holland

Having now reached the BLUE ROOM, which was the late Lord Holland's dressing room, and figures in our plan as such, we have gone through the FIRST FLOOR.





CHAPTER XIX.

THE GILT ROOM.

IN our last chapter the skeleton was put together Pygmalion's statue was formed ; it remains now to clothe the skeleton with flesh, to endow the statue with life. Skeletons are not exactly beautiful to look at, and a statue, while lifeless, cannot speak. Suffer us, therefore, to hide the framework by a few art-details, while we try to make the old walls re-sound with the voice of tradition.

The small ante-room offers worthy of remark the fact that it is hung with sketches by Watts, interesting both as the ready expression of a genius hand, and also as good representations of some celebrated people.

They are mostly portraits of friends who formed

part of the late Lord Holland's *salon* whilst he was English Minister in Florence, and include, amongst others, Prince N. Corsini, Prince T. Corsini, Prince L. Corsini, the Marquis Carrega, Monsignor (now Cardinal) Sacconi, Count Bossi, Cavalier Piero Dini, Count del Benino, Mr. Petre, Lord Walpole, Mr. Cotterell, Lady Normanby, and Lady Dover.

Now let us examine the GILT ROOM. It is wainscoted, and the compartments of the wainscoting, separated by wooden basso-relievo columns, are divided into medallions bordered with blue and gold. Within the borders are alternately painted a silver *fleur de lis* on an azure shield and a golden cross on a shield of red. The shields are severally encircled by two palm-leaves crossing each other at the bottom and top, whence they peep out of an Earl's coronet.

On entering the room the two fire-places demand our notice. Above each chimney-piece are painted two emblematical figures, beneath which, in the centre of the chimney-piece, also painted, are, on a ground of gold, some dancing nymphs. Faulkner, writing of this room, says: "In the frieze of the mantel-piece, . . . there are, on each side, two heads, and two painted bas-reliefs, copied from the celebrated antique, commonly called the Aldobrandini

Marriage, a famous painting in fresco, found at Rome in the time of Pope Clement VIII.”¹ These “bas-reliefs” are, according to Faulkner, what Walpole refers to when he says, talking of Cleyn: “There is still extant a beautiful chamber adorned by him at Holland-house, with a ceiling in grotesque, and small compartments on the chimneys, in the style, and not unworthy, of Parmegiano.”² We are told that Walpole slightly exaggerates the merit of the pictures in the above magnificent compliment. But we think enough may be gleaned from various authors to warrant the opinion that they were good copies of a superlatively good painting. With sorrow, therefore, do we look in vain for a vestige of them.

All the decorations and paintings in the Gilt Room have been restored, either under the superintendence, or by the very hand, of Watts. To a fine taste in his work he has united a religious feeling for the Past, never allowing himself or others to lose the spirit of the old decorations; at the same time, when there was no trace left upon which to work, he admirably supplied the deficiency by creations of his own. He assures us that when he painted the figures now on the chimney-piece, no other painting adorned

¹ Faulkner, *History and Antiquities of Kensington*, chap. iv.

² *Anecdotes of Painting*. London, 1849. Vol. ii. p. 377.

it. What, then, happened to the frescoes? Silence, for the moment, meets our question. Let us hope that at some future day we may discover a clue to their history; perhaps even that some courageous hand, by removing, without destroying, what is there now, may find the *Nozze Aldobrandini* still uninjured; as in many churches of Italy, where, by accident or design, the finest frescoes have been buried under a coating of white plaster, at once the concealer and preserver of their beauty.

On either side of the space where the *Nozze Aldobrandini* are supposed to have been, are two medallions representing Charles the First and Sully; Francis the First and Henrietta Maria. These have only been slightly touched by Watts, who has here, with a grand absence of egotism, brought his genius to bear in preserving the genius-traces of another.

The architect of the Gilt Room is supposed to have been John Thorpe;¹ the decorator, Francis Cleyn, whose name we have already mentioned.

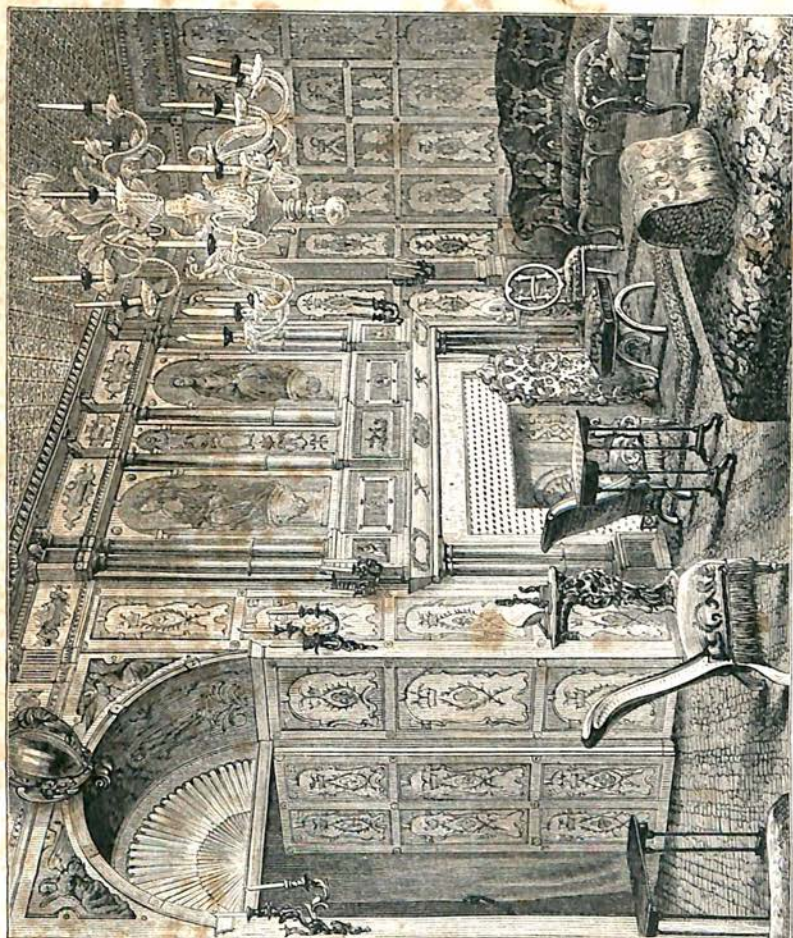
¹“Sir Walter Coopes at Kensington, erected by me I. T.’ This, now Holland-house, was finished by Thorpe in 1607, but afterwards altered and added to by Inigo Jones and Stone.”—From note to Walpole’s “Anecdotes of Painting.” London, 1849. Vol. i. (Supplement), p. 200. [The words in single inverted commas appear to have come from an original list of Thorpe’s plans; as for the rest of the note, we give it as it stands, though the date seems inaccurate.]

This Francis Cleyn was born at Rostock, and, in his youth, served under Christian IV. of Denmark. He pursued the fine arts for a livelihood, and went into Italy to cultivate them. And where better could he have gone than to that second cradle of artistic beauty—to that country where art is nature and nature is art—where the artist finds so much to revel in, and leaves the *dilettante* so much to admire? So to Italy he went, and studied nature and art, and profited by the models which both so abundantly furnish there.

During this visit he met with Sir Henry Wotton, who took an interest in him, and introduced him to Prince Charles, the future unhappy King Charles I., and Francis, or, as they called him, Francesco (probably from the usual love of Italianizing every name belonging to musicians or painters), became a favourite artist both of the Prince and of his father King James I.

The ceiling of the Gilt Room was painted in grotesque by Cleyn;¹ but, alas! the accompanying woodcut shows us nothing of his work; indeed we have little more than the tradition of it, for the ceiling fell through during the minority of the third

¹ See quotation from Walpole's "Anecdotes of Painting" on page 14.



GILT ROOM

Lord Holland, and its place has been taken by a white one embossed with *fleurs de lis* and crosses. Nor were the ceiling and chimney-piece compartments Cley's only work in Holland House. Walpole also says, "Two chairs, carved and gilt, with large shells for backs,¹ . . . were undoubtedly from his designs; and are evidences of his taste."²

The entablature is enriched by painted leaves encircling gilt acorns.

In the north-west and south-east corners are emblazoned the united arms of Rich and Cope. On the shield in the north-east corner is the motto of the Order of the Garter encircling the Rich crest, while the shield in the south-west corner is made the vehicle for a pun, having inscribed upon it the motto, "Ditior est qui se."

To our left is the oriel recess. The recess, a view of which we give on page 21, projects from an archway, on either side of which are three medallions, similar to those we have already described in the wainscoting. In the curve of the arch are some very graceful female figures painted in mezzotinto and bordered with gold. The wainscoting of the room is continued throughout the recess, the

¹ See tail-piece to chapter xviii.

² Walpole's *Anecdotes of Painting*. London, 1849 Vol. ii. p. 377.

design being here and there agreeably modified by the addition of palm-branches. Two shields crown the two corners of the recess; that to the north-east bearing the arms of the Rich family, that to the north-west those of Sir Walter Cope.

From the centre window we have a view of the terrace and field, which are shut in from the town by a thick belt of trees. But our eye glances over them and the London roofs, and rests upon the fine outline of the Surrey Hills. Through the side windows we see the two wings of the house, protected by a grove of trees from which, to the left, emerges one dark and stately cedar.

And now, turning round, we see opposite us a repetition of the arch beneath which we are standing. Over this "double" (more heraldry) are the arms of Henry Rich.¹ Under it is a folding-door, surmounted by the fan-like, radiated arch, and decorated in harmony with the rest of the room.

The furniture accords so well with the taste of the seventeenth century, and the illusion about the interior is so complete, that we have no difficulty in transporting ourselves back to the period when the Gilt Room was prepared by the first Earl of Holland for the purpose of giving a ball to Prince Charles on

¹ See head piece to this chapter.



GILT ROOM.

the occasion of his marriage with Henrietta Maria of France.

Those who have read our rapid sketch of the life of Henry Rich will not be surprised that the gallant courtier should have wished to give a ball to the young Prince and Princess, or that he should have planned it with all possible splendour.

But *l'homme propose, et Dieu dispose*: we find that, for some unexplained reason, the ball was not given.

Nevertheless, we may not unreasonably conjecture that these walls have echoed back many a gay laugh, that this room has been the scene of many a festive gathering, that many a gallant cavalier has there rejoiced in the smiles of his fair lady, and has vowed her the most beautiful of the merry dazzling throng.

The following list, which we have taken from the MSS. at Holland House, and which was probably written by a servant, though referring to a later time (May 1, 1753), is still interesting as a relic of the past, and as giving us an idea of how they did such things in those days:—

Danced in the Gilt Room.

Lady Caroline Petersham danced with Earl of March.		
Lady Betty Spencer	„	Lord Cathcart.
Countess of Coventry	„	Captain Sandys.
Countess of Holderness	„	Mr. Churchill.
Countess of Stafford	„	Mr. Vansittart.

Countess of Hillsborough danced with Mr. George Brudenell.

Lady Bateman	„	Mr. Henry Digby.
Lady Camilla Bennett	„	Lt-Colonel Sandford.
Lady Anne Keppel	„	Sr John Bland.
Lady Caroline Keppel	„	Ensign Smith.
Lady Mary Churchill	„	Lt-Colonel Seabright.
Lady Baltimore	„	Lord Hobart.
Mrs. Legge	„	Sr Thomas Seabright.
Miss Clifford	„	Mr. West.
Lady Fawkener	„	Mr. Richard Lewson.
Miss Kitty Compton	„	Mr. George Selwyn.
Miss Brudenell	„	Ensign Carey.
Miss Digby	„	Captain Carlton.
Miss Bishop	„	Duke of Richmond.
Miss Mackworth	„	Mr. George West.
Lady Caroline Fox	„	Earl of Hillsborough.

Setters by.

Lady Albermarle	}	Play'd two Pools at Quadrille.
Lady Yarmouth		
Mrs. Digby		
Mr. Fox		

Dutchess of Bedford	}	Cut in at Whist.
Lady Betty Waldegrave		
Lady Pembroke		
Duke of Marlborough		
Earl of Coventry		
Mr. Rigby		
Mr. Ellis		
Lady Townshend		
Duke of Bedford		

Countess of Kildare	}	Cribbage (<i>sic</i>) Players.
Mrs. Ellis		
Lord Bury		
Lord Digby		
Mr. Dicky Bateman		

Earl of Kildare	}	only Look'd on.
Mr. Legge		
Countess of Fitzwilliams		
Lady Trevor		
Commodore Keppell		
Mr. H. Walpole		
Mr. Calcraft		
• Lord Bateman	}	Danced Minuets only.
Earl of Holderness		

The Card Players play'd but a little while.

The Card Tables (in Number three) were in Lady Caroline's Dressing Room. The Balcony, as well as the Gilt Room, was lighted up, and they Danced a little while in both.

Tea, Negus, &c., at which Mrs. Fannen Presided, in the Tapestry Room. At One We all went down to a Cold Supper, at Three Tables in the Saloon, and three in the Dining Room.

Supper was remov'd at each Table with a Desert (*sic*), and Ice.

All sate down, Lady Townshend, Lady Fitzwilliams, Duke of Marlbro', and Mr. Legge, only Excepted who went before Supper.

Danced after Supper.

No Dancer went before three, or stay'd after Five.

The Tables Prepar'd in the Supper Rooms held Fifty-six. A Corner Table was plac'd Extraordinary for Six Men, Besides. Sate down to Supper in all Sixty-two.

Lord Digby, and Mr. Bateman, did not sup, but walk'd about admiring.

So people ate and drank and danced and played cards a hundred and twenty years ago. And they eat and drink and dance and play cards in the present day ; and they will eat and drink and dance and play cards a hundred and twenty years hence.

Naturally, there will be variations of detail: one age may prefer venison pasties, sack, minuets, and "cribbege;" another age truffles, *Château Margaux*, *deux-temps*, and *écarté*. These, however, are but different means of attaining the same end. Nor need we wonder at the monotony¹ of human wants. Rather, given the monotony of human wants, should we wonder at the diversity in human development; a development which is not always progressive. For, in spite of political gains, in spite of strides in liberty, we revert with tenderness to earlier days, and would pay a tributary sigh to the polish and intellectual poetry of our first Charles's court! But, alas! the courtiers of that court were soon to end their glittering career, some in dispersion, some in exile, some in battle, some on the scaffold. Amongst the latter victims was, as the reader may have already seen with somewhat full particulars, the first Earl of Holland.¹

And so the brilliant medal has its reverse: for now, in spite of being still sometimes filled by a joyous, laughing crowd, the Gilt Room is said to be tenanted by the solitary ghost of its first lord, who, according to tradition, issues forth at midnight from behind a secret door, and walks slowly through the scenes of

¹ See vol. i. chap. i.

former triumphs with his head in his hand. To add to this mystery, there is a tale of three spots of blood on the side of the recess whence he issues, three spots of blood which can never be effaced.





CHAPTER XX.

THE SIR JOSHUA ROOM.

PASSING through the circular recess to the right of the GILT ROOM, we enter the SIR JOSHUA ROOM, also called the CRIMSON DRAWING ROOM, from the colour of the silk upon its walls. As a room, it is not specially worthy of attention, but are there not every day plain women who compensate by their taste in dress for their want of beauty? And may not the SIR JOSHUA ROOM, even without any other merit, secure a homage to its clothing, hung as it is almost entirely with masterpieces by Sir Joshua Reynolds? Before, however, giving a

list of these, we will mention the pictures by other hands:—

A landscape, with figures, by F. Mola.

Landscape was what Mola excelled in, and he enjoyed more than a mere reputation for it during his lifetime. He lived in the seventeenth century, was protected by Innocent X. and Alexander VII., and had started for the Court of Louis XIV. when death overtook him.

The Vision of St. Antony of Padua, by Murillo.

The name of Murillo speaks for itself, and an account of him in these pages would be out of place; not so, however, of the subject he has here treated, which, by the way, he has treated several times. According to tradition, St. Antony was expounding the mystery of the Incarnation, when the Infant Saviour came down and stood upon his book. In the present instance, though, St. Antony is praying, not expounding, and two features are to be particularly noticed in the picture: that St. Antony seems to ignore the *visible* Presence of Him whom he is adoring, and that the Divine Infant impresses no weight upon the book—as indeed a *spiritual* presence would not—yet Murillo is guilty of allowing the *spiritual* form to throw a *shadow*! Nor is this the only instance in which Murillo has fallen

into this error, an error which, so far as we are aware, has escaped criticism. Curious indeed that one who so often shines forth as a heaven-inspired artist, one whose choice of subjects proves that his thoughts dwelt constantly in another world, should have overlooked this essential and very beautiful distinction between the spirit and the flesh, and should have given to the one such a marked attribute of the other. But if the great painter has thus not always proved himself an accurate poet, a great poet has in similar circumstances proved himself a true painter. Dante, throughout his glorious journey, keeps in sight this spiritual indication:—

“Ora, se innanzi a me nulla s’ adombra,
Non ti maravigliar, più che de’ cieli,
Che l’ uno all’ altro ’l raggio non ingombra.”¹

Or as Longfellow renders it:—

“Now if in front of me no shadow fall,
Marvel not at it more than at the heavens,
Because one ray impedeth not another.”

A few words about St. Antony. He was a native of Lisbon; but received his name from his long residence at Padua, which city has the treasure of his relics. And in the same way that his native

¹ Purgatorio, iii. 28—30.

place was not Padua, so his original name was not Antony. Born in 1195, he was christened Ferdinand, which name, when he entered the Order of St. Francis, he changed for Antony, out of devotion to the great patriarch of monks, who was the titular saint of the little chapel in which he took the habit. His devotion was kindled at Coimbra, when Don Pedro, Infant of Portugal, brought over from Morocco the relics of the five friars who had been lately there crowned with martyrdom. In 1221 he entered the Order of St. Francis, and afterwards started to convert the Moors. Ill health forced him back to Europe, and contrary winds drove him to Sicily. Thence he went to Assisium, to see St. Francis. When he first established himself in Italy, he worked in modest obscurity. But he tried in vain to conceal his gifts. They were too great to be hid; and his service to religion may be said to have equalled his courage in the cause. The boldness he showed towards Ezzelino, and his temporary influence over that tyrant, might make a noble chapter in history. Nor was his wisdom less than his courage. Having once invited a brother to go out with him to preach, he returned to his convent without making any sermon. His companion asked him why he had not preached. "We have done it," said the saint.

“by our modest looks, and by the gravity of our behaviour.” After belonging for ten years to the Order of St. Francis, he died on the 13th of June, 1231, in the suburbs of Padua; reciting on his death-bed the seven penitential psalms and the hymn in honour of the Blessed Virgin, which begins: “O Gloriosa Domina.”¹

From Murillo we come to Velasquez, and have a view of the Port of Melilla (on the coast of Africa), with figures in the foreground.

This picture, now in the SIR JOSHUA ROOM, was, curiously enough, formerly the property of Sir Joshua himself. At his sale, it was bought by Samuel Rogers, who gave it to Elizabeth, Lady Holland. Wilkie, after his travels and studies in Spain, pronounced it to be an undoubted Velasquez, both in landscape and figures.

This great Spanish painter of the seventeenth century, who attempted—and attempted with success—almost every subject in the domain of his art, probably owes his greatest reputation to his portraits; but in the view before us we do not admire the figures so much as the rest of the picture, where the harmonious massing and light handling of the master are traceable.

¹ Butler's Lives of the Saints.

Two landscapes by Jacob Janson, dated respectively 1770 and 1771.

Jacob Janson, it is said, imitated Paul Potter's finished style, and it is certain at least that he imitated his subjects.

A couple of exquisite G. Morlands: the one, two donkeys, dated 1791; the other, a group of sheep, undated. As a rule, Morland's success is in inverse proportion to the size of the work, and the two little pictures before us may be considered perfect gems of their kind.

Then there is a landscape with hawking, by Hackert. And there are four paintings which belonged to Mr. Fox, and came from St. Anne's Hill. These are:—

Two Teniers, signed "D."

A Wouvermans.

A sea-view. by Van der Velde.

Next, presiding over his own works, we would notice SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS, painted by Lady Anne Fitzpatrick, daughter of the second Earl of Upper Ossory. And it may here be mentioned that the great artist took the portrait of the lady who took his.

But in the SIR JOSHUA ROOM we must, however briefly, give a few words to Sir Joshua's biography.

He was born in 1723, at Plympton, near Plymouth, was son of the Rev. Samuel Reynolds, and one of eleven children. "His father," says Malone, "had a notion,¹ that it might at some future period of life be an advantage to a child to bear an uncommon christian name; which might recommend him to the attention and kindness of some person bearing the same name, who, if he should happen to have no natural object of his care, might be led even by so slight a circumstance to become a benefactor. Hence our author [Reynolds] derived the scriptural name of Joshua, which though not very uncommon, occurs less frequently than many others;"² The artist, however, had an uncle who was also his godfather, called Joshua,³ which, better than the Bishop's argument, may be the source of his name. In any case, he developed early a love for drawing, taught himself perspective, acquired a taste for painting, thought Raffaello the greatest of all painters, and in 1740 studied under Hudson. In 1749 he went with Captain Keppel to the Mediterranean, and soon he found his way to Rome. But though

¹ From Dr. Percy, Lord Bishop of Dromore.

² *The Works of Sir Joshua Reynolds, with an Account of his Life, &c., by Edmond Malone.* London, 1798. Vol. i. p. v.

³ Northcote: *Memoirs of Sir Joshua Reynolds.* London, 1813. p. 6.

he had almost boundless admiration for Venetian colouring,¹ Italian influence is much more traceable in his writings than in his pictures. On the founding of the Royal Academy in 1768, he was appointed President; and in 1790, at the conclusion of his fifteenth and last discourse delivered to the students, he paid a noble tribute to the genius of Michel Angelo, saying: "If the high esteem and veneration in which Michel Angelo has been held by all nations and in all ages, should be put to the account of prejudice, it must still be granted that those prejudices, could not have been entertained without a cause: the ground of our prejudice then becomes the source of our admiration. But from whatever it proceeds, or whatever it is called, it will not, I hope, be thought presumptuous in me to appear in the train, I cannot say of his imitators, but of his admirers. I have taken another course, one more suited to my abilities, and to the taste of the times in which I live. Yet however unequal I feel myself to that attempt, were I now to begin the world again, I would tread in the steps of that great master: to kiss the hem of his garment, to catch the slightest of his perfections, would be glory and distinction enough for an ambitious man.

¹ See Appendix A.

“I feel a self-congratulation in knowing myself capable of such sensations as he intended to excite. I reflect, not without vanity, that these Discourses bear testimony of my admiration of that truly divine man; and I should desire that the last words which I should pronounce in this Academy, and from this place, might be the name of—MICHEL ANGELO.”¹ Reynolds thus made the great Italian’s name as an epitaph to his own public life. Early in 1792 he himself died.

The taste of the age, rather than his own taste, made him especially a portrait painter. But he painted some historical pictures, and was, according to Rogers, “always thinking of his art.” Rogers, in support of this statement, says that one day Sir Joshua was walking with Dr. Lawrence near Beaconsfield, when they met a beautiful little peasant boy, who was a good deal sun-burnt. Sir Joshua, after looking earnestly at the child, exclaimed, “I must go home and deepen the colouring of my *Infant Hercules*.”²

Sir Joshua was a good writer too: his notes of the journey which he made to Flanders and Holland in

¹ Beechey: Reynolds’s Literary Works. London, 1852. Vol. ii. Fifteenth Discourse.

² Rogers’s Table Talk. (Dyce.)

Received April 20 1789 from the Hon^{ble} Mr
Charles Fox the sum of one hundred
Guineas for his Portrait

Reynolds

L 105—

Found amongst some old receipts in the year 1842 by E. Kneller

1781 are well known, and he was the first proposer of the Literary Club, which counted amongst its members Johnson, Burke, Goldsmith, and Garrick.¹ He was a member of the Royal and Antiquarian Societies, and was made Doctor of Laws by the University of Oxford, to say nothing of succeeding Ramsay as principal painter to the King.²

Sir Joshua frequently visited Holland House. Lady Sarah Lennox, who before her marriage lived there with her sister and brother-in-law, was one of his favourite sitters; and it has been stated that the last male portrait which he painted was that of Charles James Fox.³ We give the fac-simile of an autograph of Sir Joshua in Holland House.

Now we come to his works; that is to say, to those of his works which are in this room.

"Muscipula:" the picture of a mischievous little girl, with a face too clever to be plain, holding a trap in which a mouse is imprisoned, while Puss from behind looks up wistfully. We can almost hear Puss smacking her lips; and the child, keeping her prize high above the would-be thief, seems to

¹ Boswell's Life of Johnson. Chap. xiv.

² Pilkington's Dictionary of Painters.

³ Sir Joshua Reynolds and his Works. By William Cotton, M.A. London, 1856. Chap. v.

say, with a knowing look, "No! Puss shan't get it!" This famous picture has been long known under the name of "*Muscipula*." Count d'Adhemar was the original purchaser of it. "Sir Joshua, who fancied that he was bargaining for a different and less important picture, told him that the price was fifty guineas; and on discovering the mistake, -allowed him to have *Muscipula* for that sum.—Fox had been anxious to possess *Muscipula* when it was first painted; and he bought it at the Ambassador's sale for (I believe)," says Rogers,¹ "fifty guineas."

Charles James Fox, painted in 1784, when consequently he was thirty-five years old.

The first Lord Holland.² This picture belonged to Miss Fox, sister of the third Lord Holland, and is supposed to have been stolen from her house in London, when she was removing into Little Holland House. It eventually found its way into Colnaghi's shop; and after a separation of nearly thirty years, Miss Fox was able to buy back her own property.³

Cotton, talking of an unfinished look in some of Sir Joshua's pictures, and which when they were

¹ Rogers's-Table Talk. (Dyce.) ² See head-piece to this chapter.

³ See Appendix B.

first sent home caused occasional disappointment, adds: "it is said that Lord Holland when he received his portrait, could not help remarking that it had been hastily executed; and making some demur about the price, asked Reynolds how long he had been painting it, the offended artist replied, 'All my life, my Lord.'"¹

Mary, Lady Holland.

Florentius Vassall, and Mrs. Russell as a child.

Lord George Lennox.

Right Hon. Thomas Conolly.

Mary, Duchess of Richmond.

Although Sir Joshua has given his voice against the expression, yet the portrait simply catalogued as the Hon. Caroline Fox, with a dog, is essentially a *pleasing picture*. The child and dog playing together are prettily grouped, and there is about it an air of old fashion combined with vividness which make it at the same time—let us not be called paradoxical—both *novel* and life-like.

Baretti,² a portrait. Here, then, is the man to whom we owe, from Dr. Johnson, three letters which Boswell says "are among the very best he

¹ Sir Joshua Reynolds and his Works. By William Cotton, M.A. London, 1856. Chap. v. (From Northcote's MS. in the Plymouth Library.)

² See tail-piece to this chapter.

ever wrote.”¹ In one of these,² the Doctor informed Baretti that his “English style still continues in its purity and vigour,” and also that his “friends here expect such a book of travels as has not been often seen.” Probably the great Italian teacher is best known in England by his Dictionary and Grammar, but he did write a book upon Italy, and Johnson did praise it. Whether our cynic thought more kindly of Baretti than he did of the world in general, may be judged by the following dialogue between him and Boswell, after they had fallen upon the subject of our feeling for the distresses of others :—

“BOSWELL: But suppose now, Sir, that one of your intimate friends were apprehended for an offence for which he might be hanged. JOHNSON: I should do what I could to bail him, and give him any other assistance; but if he were once fairly hanged, I should - not suffer. BOSWELL: Would you eat your dinner that day, Sir? JOHNSON: Yes, Sir, and eat it as if he were eating with me. Why, there’s Baretti, who is to be tried for his life to-morrow; friends have risen up

¹ Boswell’s Life of Johnson. Note in chap. xi.

Dated June 10, 1761, and given, as are also the other two letters, in Boswell’s Life of Johnson, chap. xi.

for him on every side ; yet if he should be hanged, none of them will eat a slice of plum pudding the less. Sir, that sympathetic feeling goes a very little way in depressing the mind.”¹

Then, to illustrate this judgment passed upon the farce of human sympathy, the worthy Doctor takes an argument out of Boswell’s own mouth. Boswell says : “ I told him that I had dined lately at Foote’s, who showed me a letter which he had received from Tom Davies, telling him that he had not been able to sleep from the concern he felt on account of ‘ *this sad affair of Baretti*,’ begging of him to try if he could suggest anything that might be of service ; and, at the same time, recommending to him an industrious young man who kept a pickle shop. JOHNSON : Ay, Sir, here you have a specimen of human sympathy : a friend hanged, and a cucumber pickled. We know not whether Baretti or the pickle-man has kept Davies from sleep : nor does he know himself. And as to his not sleeping, Sir, Tom Davies is a very great man ; Tom has been upon the stage, and knows how to do those things : I have not been upon the stage, and cannot do those things.”²

But whatever was Johnson’s theory, his practice

¹ Boswell’s Life of Johnson. Chap. xvii.

² Ibid.

in this case proved that he could throw his heart into friendship. On the 20th of October, 1769, the day after the above conversation, Dr. Johnson appeared as a witness, "for the only time I suppose in his life," says Boswell,¹ to give evidence to the character of this same Barette. It appears that the latter had stabbed a man in the street, and that he "was arraigned at the Old Bailey for murder." Boswell proceeds: "Never did such a constellation of genius enlighten the awful Sessions-house, emphatically called Justice-hall: Mr. Burke, Mr. Garrick, Mr. Beauchamp, and Dr. Johnson; and undoubtedly their favourable testimony had due weight with the court and jury. Johnson gave his evidence in a slow, deliberate, and distinct manner, which was uncommonly impressive."² Barette was not hanged; and if we wanted any other motive than that of humanity to make us rejoice at his acquittal, we should find it in the interest inspired by the life-like portrait before us.

Barette is seated in an old arm-chair; he is a plain man, dressed in a plain coat, and his short-sightedness is made evident by the proximity of the book to his nose. But the attitude is so true, the style of the picture so natural, that, were it

¹ Boswell's Life of Johnson. Chap. xvii.

² Ibid.

not for the undivided attention he is giving his book, we might expect him to put it down for a quiet chat.

The portrait was one of a series painted by Sir Joshua for Mrs. Thrale's library at Streatham; at the dispersion of which it was bought by Mr. Watsen Taylor, and at his sale it passed to the third Marquis of Hertford. Lord Hertford afterwards gave it to Henry Richard, Lord Holland, in exchange for a portrait of Lady Irwin, Lord Hertford's grandmother. Baretti, by Sir Joshua, is well known from having been engraved and exhibited; but to us it is more than a mere portrait—it is a friend.

Lastly, we come to the far-famed picture of Lady Sarah Lennox, Mr. Fox (Charles James), and Lady Susan Strangways.

Lady Sarah Lennox, a beautiful girl, is leaning out of a window of Holland House, whilst C. J. Fox, at the time only thirteen or fourteen years old, is walking below with Lady Susan Strangways, who offers a dove to Lady Sarah. Of the three figures, Lady Sarah's is the most graceful. But the charm of the picture, to our mind, lies in the originality of the grouping, and in its subdued, harmonious colouring—subdued, without being mono-

tonous, though the proximity of the background, by occasioning defective perspective, makes a real fault in the composition. The inclination of Lady Sarah's head is exquisite, and her features are fine, but do not convey to us the impression of the beautiful woman we are led to believe she was, by the enthusiasm her beauty caused. Is it that we are less enthusiastic for beauty nowadays, or is it that her charm lay in an expression impossible to translate upon canvas? But no! Sir Joshua must have been equal even to that—the fault must be with us. Lady Susan is not so handsome, nor is her position so graceful; but her delicate colouring and pretty drapery play their parts well here. Fox, in a blue coat, contrasting effectively with the drapery of Lady Susan, has a paper in his hand, and looks very old for his age; which sign of the future great statesman's precocity may give additional interest to Sir Joshua's work. But even without Fox's presence, the picture would be especially interesting, Lady Sarah Lennox and Lady Susan Strangways each being the heroine of a true romance.

Lady Susan Strangways, daughter of the first Lord Ilchester, and consequently niece of Henry Fox, afterwards first Lord Holland, and cousin of Charles James Fox, married Mr. O'Brien the actor.

She had evidently dramatic propensities; for while she was still a young girl, Walpole speaks of her acting:—

“I was excessively amused on Tuesday night; there was a play at Holland-house, acted by children; not all children, for Lady Sarah Lenox and Lady Susan Strangways played the women. It was ‘Jane Shore;’ Mr. Price (Lord Barrington’s nephew) was Gloster, and acted better than three parts of the comedians. Charles Fox, Hastings; a little Nichols, who spoke well, Belmour; Lord Ofaly, Lord Ashbroke, and other boys, did the rest: but the two girls were delightful, and acted with so much nature and simplicity, that they appeared the very things they represented. Lady Sarah was more beautiful than you can conceive, and her very awkwardness gave an air of truth to the shame of the part, and the antiquity of the time, which was kept up by her dress, taken out of Montfaucon. Lady Susan was dressed from Jane Seymour; and all the parts were clothed in ancient habits, and with the most minute propriety. I was infinitely more struck with the last scene between the two women than ever I was when I have seen it on the stage. When Lady Sarah was in white, with her hair about her ears, and on the ground, no Magdalen by Correggio

was half so lovely and expressive. You would have been charmed too with seeing Mr. Fox's little boy [Henry Edward], of six years old, who is beautiful, and acted the Bishop of Ely, dressed in lawn sleeves and with a square cap; they had inserted two lines for him, which he could hardly speak plainly. Francis had given them a pretty prologue." ¹

But Lady Susan's acting proved a reality when, one fine day, the fine world was awakened with the startling news which, on the 5th of April, 1764, Mrs. Harris writes to her son:—

"The court and assembly's talk yesterday was all of the match of Lady Susan Strangways and O'Brien the player. It is said she went out Saturday with a servant, whom, under the pretext of having forgotten something, she sent back, and said she would wait in the street till her return. O'Brien was waiting in a hackney-coach, which she got into, and they went to Covent Garden Church, and were married. 'Tis a most surprising event, as Lady Susan was everything that was good and amiable; and how she ever got acquainted with this man is not to be accounted for; they say

¹ Horace Walpole's Letters. To George Montagu, Esq., Jan. 22, 1761.

she sent him 200*l.* a little time since. Everybody is concerned at this rash step. She is of age.”¹

And now, in part support of everybody being “concerned at this rash step,” let us quote Horace Walpole, to the Earl of Hertford:—

“You will have heard of the sad misfortune that has happened to Lord Ilchester by his daughter’s marriage with O’Brien the actor. But, perhaps, you do not know the circumstances, and how much his grief must be aggravated by reflection on his own credulity and negligence. The affair has been in train for eighteen months. The swain had learned to counterfeit Lady Sarah Bunbury’s hand so well, that in the country Lord Ilchester has himself delivered several of O’Brien’s letters to Lady Susan; but it was not till about a week before the catastrophe that the family was apprised of the intrigue. Lord Cathcart went to Miss Read’s,² the paintress: she said softly to him, ‘My lord, there is a couple in next room that I am sure ought not to be together,

¹ A Series of Letters of the first Earl of Malmesbury, his family and friends, from 1745 to 1820. London, 1870.—It seems almost a coincidence that, appended to the last mention of Lady Susan in this letter, is a note: “A beautiful picture of Lady Susan, by Sir Joshua Reynolds, is at Holland House.”

² Miss Catherine Read, who did the pretty portrait of the *Gunning* Duchess of Hamilton.

I wish your lordship would look in.' He did, shut the door again, and went directly and informed Lord Ilchester. Lady Susan was examined, flung herself at her father's feet, confessed all, vowed to break off—but—what a *but!*—desired to see the loved object, and take a last leave. You will be amazed—even this was granted. The parting scene happened the beginning of the week. On Friday she came of age, and on Saturday morning—instead of being under lock and key in the country—walked down stairs, took her footman, said she was going to breakfast with Lady Sarah, but would call at Miss Read's; in the street, pretended to recollect a particular cap in which she was to be drawn, sent the footman back for it, whipped into a hackney chair, was married at Covent-garden church, and set out for Mr. O'Brien's villa at Dunstable. My lady—my Lady Hertford! what say *you* to permitting young ladies to act plays, and go to painters by themselves?

“Poor Lord Ilchester is almost distracted; indeed, it is the completion of disgrace—even a footman were preferable; the publicity of the hero's profession perpetuates the mortification. *Il ne sera pas milord, tout comme un autre.* I could not have believed that Lady Susan would have stooped so

low. She may, however, still keep good company, and say, ‘*nos numeri sumus*’—Lady Mary Duncan,¹ Lady Caroline Adair,² Lady Betty Gallini³—the shopkeepers of next age will be mighty well born. If our genealogies had been so confused four hundred years ago, Norborne Berkeley would have had still more difficulty with his obsolete Barony of Bottetourt, which the House of Lords at last has granted him.”⁴

The church where the marriage took place was St. Paul’s, Covent Garden; and it is otherwise historically interesting since about the year 1633, when it was originally built by Inigo Jones. The parish registers record the baptism of Lady Mary Wortley Montague, and the burials of the notorious Robert Carr, Earl of Somerset; Butler, author of “*Hudibras*”; Lely, the painter; Kynaston, the actor; Wycherley, the dramatist; Wolcott (better known as Peter Pindar), and many others.⁵

¹ Daughter of the seventh Earl of Thanet, married, in September 1763, to Doctor Duncan, M.D., soon after created a baronet.

² Daughter of the second Earl of Albemarle, married, in 1759, to Mr. Adair, a surgeon.

³ Daughter of the third Earl of Abingdon, married to Sir John Gallini.

⁴ Horace Walpole’s Letters. To the Earl of Hertford, April 12 1764.

⁵ Murray’s Handbook for London.

It is a disputed point amongst moralists and theologians whether retribution overtakes a man during his life, or even in a succeeding generation. Let those who interest themselves in the matter note that some twenty years after a member of the Fox family had brought desolation into the house of Lennox, one still lower, socially, than Sir Stephen's son contributed towards a similar catastrophe in the house of Fox!

The beauty of Lady Sarah has been commented on, rather than described, by Henry Fox, her brother-in-law, Lady Caroline's husband, who says: "Her Beauty is not easily describ'd, otherwise than by saying She had the finest Complexion, most beautifull Hair, and prettyest Person that ever was seen, with a sprightly and fine Air, a pretty Mouth, and remarkably fine Teeth, and excess of Bloom, in Her Cheeks, little Eyes;" so far so good; and we dare assert that if the "little Eyes" were bright, they could, with the assistance of so many other advantages, more than pass muster. But this is not all. The same authority adds, as if he felt himself unequal to the task of making us understand how lovely she was: "but this is not describing Her, for Her Great Beauty was a peculiarity of Countenance, that made Her at the same [time]

different from, and prettyer than, any other Girl I ever saw.”¹

She had evidently inherited her beauty from her mother, who, while still in the school-room, was married, in a truly ludicrous manner, to Lord March. The story is told us by her grandson, Mr. Henry Napier: “My grandfather, the second Duke of Richmond, was one of the Lords of the Bedchamber to King George the second, who then resided at Kensington Palace: he had been, as was the custom in those days, married, while yet a boy, to Lady Sarah Cadogan, daughter of that Lord Cadogan who, as a cavalry officer, distinguished himself so much in the Duke of Marlborough’s wars.

“This marriage was made to cancel a gambling debt, the young people’s consent having been the last thing thought of: the Earl of March was sent for from school and the young Lady from her nursery; a clergyman was in attendance, and they were told that they were immediately to become man and wife! The young lady is not reported to have uttered a word; the gentleman exclaimed, *‘They surely are not going to marry me to*

¹ Holland House MSS. Memoir by Henry Fox, first Lord Holland.

that dowdy?' The ceremony, however, took place, a post-chaise was ready at the door, and Lord March was instantly packed off with his Tutor to make the '*Grand Tour*,' while his young wife was returned to the care of her Mother, a Dutch-woman, daughter of William Munter, Counsellor of the Courts of Holland. After some years spent abroad, Lord March returned, a well-educated, handsome young man, but with no very agreeable recollections of his wife. Wherefore, instead of at once seeking his own home, he went directly to the Opera or Theatre, where he amused himself, between the acts, in examining the company. He had not been long occupied in this manner, when a very young and beautiful woman more especially struck his fancy, and, turning to a gentleman beside him, he asked who she was. 'You must be a stranger in London,' replied the gentleman, 'not to know the toast of the Town, the beautiful Lady March!' Agreeably surprised at this intelligence, Lord March proceeded to the Box, announced himself, and claimed his Bride, the very dowdy whom he had so scornfully rejected some years before, but with whom he afterwards lived so happily that she died of a broken heart within the year of his decease, which took place at Godalming, in Surry,

in August 1750, when my mother was only five years and a few months old.”¹

This is truly one of the frolics in which Destiny every now and then indulges. The young man, married whether he would or not, scarcely looking at his bride, after one glance has sufficed to make him cry out against being married to “that dowdy,” is meant later on in life to fall in love with that same “dowdy” grown into a beauty, and the two are so happy together that when he is dead, incapable of living without him, she follows him to the grave. And we see marriages every day turn out badly, after years of passionate love.

But the mother must not make us forget the daughter, on whose beautiful face we are now gazing. The first we learn of her is a pretty scene between King George the Second and the little girl walking in Kensington Gardens. “My grandfather, as I said,” continues Mr. Napier, “being about the Court, his children were often taken to walk in Kensington Gardens by their French or Swiss Governess to see the Royal Family promenade, as they usually did, on the broad walk: the children could speak no English, and on one of these days of public procession, while the Governess and my

¹ Holland House MSS.

aunt, Lady Louisa Conolly, were quietly looking on, my mother, who was of a lively, volatile disposition, suddenly broke from the astonished French-woman, and bounding up to the King, exclaimed laughing, '*Comment vous portez-vous, M^{onsieur} le Roi, vous avez une grande et belle maison ici, n'est-ce pas?*' Old George the Second was delighted at this *naïveté*, and soon discovering who she was, desired that she should be brought very often to see him."¹

And the desire of the old monarch was obeyed. Little Lady Sarah was taken frequently to amuse him. She succeeded: "On one occasion," to continue in Mr. Napier's words, "after a romp with my mother, he [the King] suddenly snatched her up in his arms, and, after depositing her in a large China Jar, shut down the cover to prove her courage, but soon released her when he found that the only effect was to make her, with a merry voice, begin singing the french song of '*Mal-bruc*,' with which he was quite delighted."²

But pretty as she was, romping on the knees of a King, she was not to escape the greatest misfortune which can happen to any one. Her mother, the Duchess of Richmond, died in 1751, as we

¹ Holland House MSS.

² *Ibid.*

already know, a year after the death of her husband. And Lady Sarah, with her sister Lady Louisa, went to Ireland under the charge of their elder sister, Lady Kildare, afterwards Duchess of Leinster, with whom she remained until she was thirteen years old.

After this we find her within the walls of Holland House, under the guardianship of her eldest sister, Lady Holland. Here, then, is Lady Sarah growing rapidly out of her childhood—changed by years and events, no longer the mischievous, frolicsome little girl, but merging into a beautiful and timid young lady. George the Second heard of her return to the vicinity of his Palace, and, remembering the child of five years old who had amused him in days gone by, he expressed a great wish to see her. Lady Sarah accordingly is taken into his presence, and a curious scene occurs. The old monarch, with the young Prince of Wales, sits surrounded by his court. The lovely girl enters, shy of such a circle, but George the Second, forgetting the lapse of years, begins “to joke and play with her, as if she were still a child of five years old.”¹

Poor Lady Sarah! How well we can enter into her embarrassments! How well we can understand

¹ Holland House MSS.

the sudden blush which overspread her cheek! But the King does not see matters at all in the same light. He had expected to be amused, and now he finds what to him is a silly, silent miss. "*Pooh!*" he exclaims, "*she's grown quite stupid!*"

The same cause, however, can produce different effects, and there is amongst the spectators of this scene one who regards the embarrassed air, the blushing cheek, the tremulous lip, as only additional charms to her beauty. This spectator is the future King George the Third. Probably, in the first instance, he was moved by that "pity" which is "akin to love." Mr. Napier, from whose account we have chiefly taken our story, tells us the Prince of Wales was then "struck with admiration and pity, feelings that ripened into an attachment which, as I have been told, never left him, even in his most unsettled moments, until the day of his death!"¹ But whilst this feeling was beginning to take possession of the Prince of Wales's heart, Lady Sarah herself seems to have set small store by it. She is described to us as being fond of dogs; as we shall later see, she is said to have wept over the death of a squirrel more than over the loss of a royal suitor; and here, in this

¹ Holland House MSS.

picture, she is represented holding out a longing hand for a dove, so that we are led to suppose her heart was not yet given to anything very serious. Her predilection for dumb pets seems certain; as *perhaps* her preference for them over outspoken mankind; but posterity can hardly judge fairly of that most inexplicable enigma—a woman's heart. Her love for dogs came perhaps from a consciousness of their fidelity; her tears for the squirrel may have been shed to disguise those she could not restrain shedding for the lover who was going to plight his faith elsewhere; and her longing for the dove has about it something too feminine and graceful to need an apology. Meanwhile, George the Second had died, the Prince of Wales had become King, and Lady Sarah, arrived at the age of fifteen, was not affected by the change. Her great charm in George the Third's eyes was, combined with her beauty, her spirit of truthfulness. Once he pressed her to say something and she refused, because "it would have been telling an untruth." "But," said the King, "you would not mind a white lie?" and she answered, "Yes, I would, Sir." Mr. Napier further on adds: "The King told somebody soon afterwards that he liked Lady Sarah so much because she spoke her mind so frankly and was

utterly devoid of guile." We doubt George the Third himself being much given to white lies, if a love of truth can be proved by a dislike of the finest drama. He considered a great part of Shakespeare as "stuff," and, far from indulging in pleasures of the imagination, his only amusement seems to have been hunting.

Mr. Napier assures us that the King really wished to marry her, and her brother-in-law, Fox, has been accused of plotting to make her Queen. She, however, would appear to have taken the matter with unambitious indifference. Perhaps she was too young to be actuated by great steadiness of purpose. Lady Susan Strangways, who holds up the dove in Sir Joshua's picture, was a great friend of the lovely girl—she had not at that time made her *mésalliance*—and she was chosen by George III. as an interpreter of his feelings. One evening at a private Court Ball, when, according to Mr. Napier's account, Lady Sarah was absent, the King entered into conversation with Lady Susan, and amongst other things asked her when she meant to leave Town. "I intend to remain for the coronation, Sir." He answered that it would be a fine sight, but was not yet to take place "*but there will be no coronation until there is a Queen, and I*

think your friend is the fittest person for it; tell your friend so from me."

"When my mother next saw him at court," Mr. Napier continues, "he took her alone into a recess of one of the large windows and said, 'Has your friend told you of my conversation with her?'—'Yes, Sir.' 'And what do you think of it? Tell me, for my happiness depends on it!'—'*Nothing, Sir,*' was my mother's reply: upon which he left her abruptly, exclaiming pettishly, '*Nothing comes of Nothing.*'"¹

The first Lord Holland gives us with some variations—the main point, however, agreeing—what must have been these two conversations.² It is certain that the King manifested a desire to lay his crown at Lady Sarah's feet, and that the message was given to Lady Sarah, who, like others of her sex, did not learn to care for him until the eve of the day which was to see him married to another. As in many a girl of her own age, tenderness really existed in her heart, but it existed undeveloped. There are feelings within us which might lay dormant during our whole lives, did not some great sorrow or happiness call them into action. Such was the case with Lady Sarah.

¹ Holland House MSS.

² See Appendix C.

About this time she had indulged in a silly flirtation with Lord Newbottle, later fifth Marquis of Lothian. She seemed to have forgotten the King, his affection, Lady Susan's message, and the offer of a crown, when she fractured her leg out riding in Somersetshire, which kept her for a time laid up in great pain. Lord Newbottle was reported to have made some unfeeling jest about her accident, while the King, on the other hand, manifested genuine anxiety and devotion, and Mr. Napier says, "had not the impropriety of such a proceeding been strongly urged he would instantly have set off to visit her:" and Mr. Fox (afterwards Lord Holland) writes to Lady Caroline, on the 7th of April, 1761: "The King ask'd Conolly yesterday a hundred Questions about Lady Sarah, wonder'd and was concern'd She should be left to the Care of a Country Surgeon. Conolly told Him Hawkins had been sent to, and declar'd there could be no Use in his going; that She was very well, very chearfull, &c., H.M. I find enquir'd very tenderly."¹ Was not this enough? The spring was touched by a tender hand, and the door of her heart flew open. She returned to the roof of Holland House, caring for George the Third. "And," observes Lord Holland in his

¹ Holland House MSS.

memoir found at Holland House, "if She now ever thinks of Newbottle, it is to vex and hate herself for the foolish transaction I before related,"—alluding to the untimely flirtation.

Horace Walpole, in his "Memoirs of the Reign of King George III.," says, with his usual touch of sarcasm: "Though he [Fox] went himself to bathe in the sea (possibly to disguise his intrigues), he left Lady Sarah at Holland House, where she appeared every morning in a field close to the great road (where the King passed on horseback) in a fancied habit, making hay."¹

These halcyon days were not to last much longer. The attentions of the King were so marked that considerable alarm was created amongst those of Royal blood, who could not have seen such a marriage with equanimity, and some who, not of Royal blood, were jealous of the Royal prerogative. Amongst the latter was Lord Bute himself. With the disinterested calculation of northern climes, and the calculating foresight of his own nature, he anticipated the virtuous indignation of society, and threw his weight into the scale for convention against romance.

¹ Memoirs of the Reign of King George III. London, 1845. Vol. i. chap. v (1761).

One day, Lady Sarah and a friend of hers, Lady Barrington, were entering the Presence Chamber together, when poor Lady Barrington, who had a remarkably fine back, was suddenly seized with a prophetic fear, and pulling Lady Sarah aside, said, "Do my dear Lady Sarah let me take the lead and go in before you this once ; for you will never have another opportunity of seeing my beautiful back!"¹

And the King was still the same—respectful in his attentions, and treating her always with the greatest possible delicacy. Here we may give an example of Lady Sarah's high sense of honour, which was becomingly coupled with her keen sense of truth. She knew the name of a courtier who had spoken slightly of her, and who had advised the King to pursue a course injurious to herself; but she knew his name under the promise of secrecy, and, like the Athenian woman, she would rather have bitten off her tongue than break her promise. Her son states the fact thus: "My mother never would tell me the *name* of this worthy parasite: she had been assured of the fact but promised secrecy about the *name*, and kept her word so well that although sixty years

¹ Holland House MSS.

had passed away since the event she would not swerve from it! The secret went with her to the grave!"¹ There is something noble in the simplicity of these words.

As for the occasion from which they arose, the King was not likely to heed advice injurious to Lady Sarah; and probably the same feeling of honour which made him respect her, made him also leave to his Privy Council the decision of his conduct in the matter. As might be expected, the Privy Council gave the verdict against the *mésalliance*.

Yes! But the evil moment was pending. A letter from Lady Sarah to her friend, the confidant of the King's attachment, brings the whole story to a conclusion.

[July 7, 1761.]

"MY DEAREST SUSAN,

". . . To begin to astonish you as much as I was I must tell you that the ——— is going to be married to a Princess of Mecklenbourg and that I am sure of it. There is a Council to-morrow on purpose. The orders for it are *urgent* and *important* business; does not your Chollar (*sic*) rise at hearing this? But you think I dare say that I have been

¹ Holland House MSS.

doing some terrible thing to deserve it for you would [not] easily be brought to change so totally your opinion of any person, but I assure you I have not. . . . I shall take care to shew that I am not mortified to anybody, but if it is true that one can vex anybody with a reserved cold manner, he shall have it I promise him. Now as to what I think about it myself excepting this little revenge I have almost forgiven him, luckily for me I did not love him, and only liked, nor did the title weigh anything with me. So little at least that my disappointment did not *affect* my spirits above one hour or two, I believe; I did not cry I assure you which I believe you will, as I know you were more set upon it than I was, the thing I am most angry at is looking so like a fool as I shall for having gone so often for nothing, but I don't much care, if he was to change his mind again (which can't be tho') and not give a *very very* good reason for his conduct I would not have him; for if he is so weak as to be governed by everybody I shall have but a bad time of it. Now I charge you Dear Lady Sue not to mention ~~this~~ to anybody but L^d and L^y Ilchester and desire them not to speak of it to any Mortal, for it will be said we invent Storries, and he will hate us all any way,

for one generally hates people that one is in the wrong with, and that knows one has acted wrong, particularly if they speak of it, and it might do a great deal of harm to all the rest of the family and do me no good. So pray remember this, for a Secret among many people is very bad and I must tell it some. . . .

"We are to act a play and have a little ball. I wish you were here to enjoy them ; but they are forwarded for Ste, and to shew that we are not so melancholy quite. . . ." ¹

And so it was. The King had summoned his Council on Wednesday, July 1, to meet on the 8th, in order to announce his marriage with Charlotte Sophia, second daughter of Charles Louis Frederick, Duke of Mecklenburg Strelitz. Colonel Graeme, a Jacobite, who had been *out in the '45*, had been sent privately, as a traveller, to visit various little Protestant Courts, and report on the several unmarried Princesses. It was on his testimony that Princess Charlotte was chosen ; and, in consequence of his embassy, Hume said afterwards to him, "Colonel Graeme, I congratulate you on having exchanged the dangerous employment of making

¹ Holland House MSS. Copy of letter from Lady Sarah Lennox to Lady Susan Strangways (afterwards O'Brien).

Kings, for the more lucrative province of making Queens.”¹ But the King’s engagement was no joke ; and one need not wonder that he was confused when he and Lady Sarah met, on Thursday, July the 16th. “She answered short ; with dignity and gravity, and a cross Look, neither of which things are at all natural to her.”² Of her very inmost feelings then, we can know nothing ; but Mr. Fox seems to think she met the King’s change with indifference : “To many a Girl H. M.’s Behaviour had been very vexatious. But L^y Sarah’s Temper and affections are happily so flexible and light that the sickness of her Squirrel immediately took up all her Attention, and when in spite of her nursing it dy’d I believe it gave her more concern than H. M. ever did. That Grief however soon gave way to the care of a little Hedge-Hog that She sav’d from destruction in the field and is now her favourite.”³

A painful ordeal was, however, in store for her. She was selected as one of the bridesmaids who were to accompany the bride to the altar, but a bride who, through life, showed her the most

¹ Horace Walpole : *Memoirs of the Reign of King George III.* London, 1845. Vol. i. chap. v.

² Holland House MSS. Henry Fox’s Memoir.

³ Ibid.

unvarying kindness. The marriage took place on the 8th of September, 1761; and Walpole, writing about the bridesmaids, says, they "were beautiful figures." He adds, however, somewhat incomprehensibly, "With neither features nor air, Lady Sarah was by far the chief angel."¹

At the Royal marriage a scene occurred at which some might smile, but which must have cost Lady Sarah a secret pang. Mr. Napier writes:—"The King appeared mentally absent but never took his eyes off Lady Sarah during the whole ceremony; the Queen, then and ever after was very gracious and attentive to my mother; but as all the young Bridesmaids were drawn up in a line near her Majesty, with Lady Sarah at their head very richly dressed, Lord Westmoreland, a very old Jacobite follower of the Pretender's, who was purblind, and had never appeared at Court since the Hanoverian succession, was persuaded by his friends to honour the marriage of a *native* Monarch by his presence. Passing along the line of ladies, and seeing but dimly, he mistook my Mother for the Queen, plumped down on his knees and took her hand to kiss! She drew back startled, and deeply colouring, exclaimed, 'I am not the Queen, Sir.'

¹ Walpole's Letters. To the Hon. H. S. Conway, Sept. 9, 1761.

This little incident created a laugh and a little gossip; and when George Selwyn heard of it, he comically enough observed, 'O! you know he always loved *Pretenders*.'"¹

In 1762, Lady Sarah married Sir Charles Bunbury, who represented Suffolk in Parliament for twenty-five years, and who was mentioned in a satire at Spa in the following distich:—

“For as for the Shrewsbury's, and all such trumpery,
To them she prefers her black-legged Bunbury.”

Her second husband was Colonel George Napier, son of the fourth Lord Napier.

Years after George III.'s marriage, at a performance of Mrs. Pope, the actress, who was considered very much like Lady Sarah, he said to Queen Charlotte: “*She is like Lady Sarah still.*”

A copy³ of a note by George Tierney found in Holland House, gives us one melancholy glimpse at the old age of Lady Sarah and her Royal admirer, and fixes on their story a seal of pathos:—

¹ Holland House MSS.

² J. H. Jesse: George Selwyn and his Contemporaries. (Letter from Sir C. Bunbury, Aug. 10, 1767.)

³ According to the heading, this is a copy of a note written by Tierney at the end of Lord Holland's copy of his grandfather's (MS.) memoirs.

“I attended St. James’s Church in the Spring of the year 1814 to hear a Charity Sermon preached by the Dean of Canterbury, Dr. Andrews, for the benefit of an Infirmary established for the cure of Diseases of the Eye. In the conclusion of his Discourse the Dean described the origin and object of that institution; and stated it to have been established about the time when His Majesty’s sight began to fail, and to have been sanctioned and supported by His royal protection from a sense of the miseries he began to experience from the loss of sight, and a charitable desire to prevent (particularly amongst the poorer classes of His subjects) the progress of so severe a calamity.

“The impressive eloquence by which Dr. Andrews is distinguished was powerfully exerted on this occasion, and the effect of the Eulogium pronounced on The King was greatly heightened by the recollection that His Majesty was at that time, in addition to his other misfortunes, totally and incurably blind.

“On the seat immediately before me sat an elderly lady who appeared to be deeply affected by the whole of this part of the Discourse. She wept much, and as she evidently took a more than ordinary interest in all she heard, she attracted my notice in no slight degree, and the more so, when,

the service being concluded, I observed that she herself was quite helpless from the entire loss of sight, and was obliged to be led out of Church. You may ask why I have introduced this account at the close of a political Memoir to which it seems to have so little reference, but I think you will acknowledge that I have not acted altogether without cause, when I tell you, that the tears which I saw thus shed in commiseration to the sufferings of the King, fell from the eyes of the very Lady Sarah whose early influence over His Majesty's affections, the preceding pages record.

“G. T.”

She died on the 20th of August, 1826, and, according to Mr. Napier, preserved her beauty in her complexion until the end.² “She was,” says Jesse, “probably the last surviving great-granddaughter of Charles the Second.”³

Of the remaining portrait in this picture we say nothing: we have talked elsewhere of C. J. Fox, and so has history. We conclude our digression by the graceful and filial words with which Mr. Napier concludes his account:—

¹ See Appendix D.

² Holland House MSS.

³ J. H. Jesse: *George Selwyn and his Contemporaries*.

“She [Lady Sarah] had a sharp wit, a penetrating judgment, a rapid penetration into people’s real characters, great moral and physical courage, extreme frankness, no affectation, great tenderness of heart, extreme humility, and not an atom of deceit. No fool, although she refused a crown!

“I have preserved this fragment for the amusement of my children when I am gone, and they may be assured that if my beloved Mother had been cursed with a single grain of artfulness or attracted by a silly ambition unconnected with more generous feelings and sentiments, or had used her influence in any way to counteract the machinations of her secret opposers about the King, or in short acted otherwise than in strict accordance with truth, singlemindedness, and the natural unsuspectingness of her character, she might by her power over the King’s affections have baffled all the intriguers against her and ascended the British Throne.”

On an easel in the SIR JOSHUA ROOM is what might nearly be called a miniature representation of the masterpiece we have just been admiring. It is supposed to be the original sketch of this picture, and was given by General Fox.

There are some differences of detail in the two

pictures; and it is interesting to examine whether these differences always in the larger picture represent improvements; for in art, as in the minor concerns of life, the first ideas may sometimes be the best.

Pictures are not the only works of art in the SIR JOSHUA ROOM. There are also five charming *Terra Cotta* groups, by Pinelli, ranging in dates from 1825 to 1834, which deserve more than a passing glance. We, however, only here give them a passing mention.





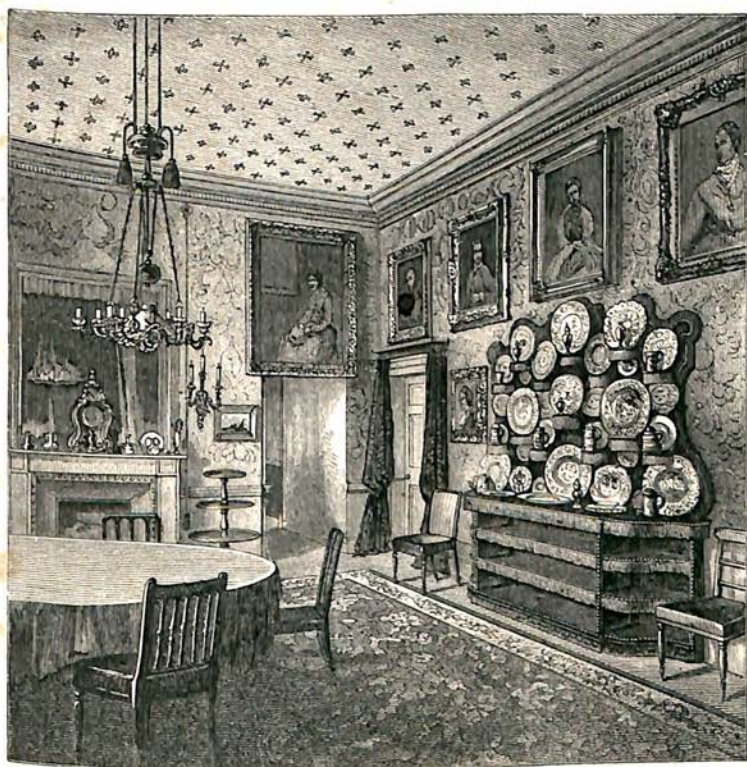
CHAPTER XXI.

THE DINING ROOM.

MANY are the changes which in England may be rung upon Dinners. There are lawyers' dinners, which, by some indirect means, help lawyers to be "called to the bar." There are hospital dinners, which, even if they tend in one way to the increase of certain patients, tend likewise to the comfort and cure of others. There are ministerial dinners, at which the very articles ministering to the diners' luxury may be doomed to insidious taxation; for however far England may be on the road to a "free breakfast-table," a *free dinner-table* is still hidden in an invisible distance. In short, there are all kinds of dinners and for many sorts of occasions; and without

further examples, it may be said that, in England, Dinner is a grand institution. John Bull is ready to sacrifice a great deal in a good cause. But ask him to give up his dinner in any cause, and you take away his breath,—*not* his appetite. A dinner also is his great civility. He is introduced to a man, and his first thought is, "I must ask this fellow to dinner." It is a curious fact, however, that in a country where dinner is a sociable, as well as a social, institution, the Dining Room should be generally the most melancholy room in the house. Really it might be suspected that the picture of an English dining room was running in the head of the Frenchman who is supposed to have written of the English: *Its s'amusoient, à la mode de leur pays, moult tristement.*

But in Holland House the DINING ROOM has a pleasant, convivial appearance, and we hope that to a certain extent the woodcut we give comes to the corroboration of our words. Besides many likenesses speaking to us from its crimson damask walls, it has a sideboard rich and glittering with venerable family-plate, a great looking-glass in which a merry party may have the satisfaction of finding itself repeated, and a gay china closet, filled mostly from



DINING ROOM.

the East. This DINING ROOM, therefore, by a happy contradiction, is cheerful; and yet, by a strange contradiction, in it was enacted a melancholy scene. The majesty of Death once occupied this room. Here Addison breathed his last. It is the well-known story. Time's hand afterwards seemed to sweep away the remembrance with the fact. A younger generation sat there and laughed a joyous laugh, destined also to be silenced by the grave; but taken up so soon by another, that the new one seemed only the echo of the first.

We have elsewhere given the two versions of Addison's death.¹ But whether he died "as a Christian," or whether he died "of brandy," in what is now the gay DINING ROOM of Holland House, there the great man died.

Les jours se suivent et ne se ressemblent pas!

The first picture we shall mention in the DINING ROOM is a full-length portrait of Lady Louisa Conolly, sister to Lady Sarah Lennox, and to Caroline, first Lady Holland. It is painted by Ramsay, and belonged formerly to a series of full-length portraits in what used to be the Gallery, what is now the Library, of Holland House. Lady

¹ Vol. I. chap. i. p. 26.

Louisa is standing, her right arm resting on a pedestal, and she holds some grapes in her right hand. The position is perhaps unnatural, and one hardly knows why she is out of doors in the costume she has on. But the costume is pretty, and so is the landscape. Her long, old-fashioned bodice and her wreath of roses look very well even with the background of trees: and her fine forehead, pretty face, well-chiselled features, and delicate colouring, would look well anywhere.

Although we have just left the SIR JOSHUA ROOM, we hail with delight one more of Sir Joshua's works, a portrait of the first Lady Holland. Here we have another charming costume. It is a costume, too, which shows the artist's power in drapery. From the transparent shawl on the sitter's neck to the heavy piece of fancy-work in her hand, and the thick fluted ribbon round her throat—all is true and delightful.

Then we would notice Lady Fox, Sir Stephen Fox's second wife; and by the side of her, Sir Stephen himself, the founder of the family. Lady Fox's portrait is painted by Kneller—Sir Stephen's by Lely. Both pictures are about three-quarters length.

It stands to reason that pictures by Kneller and

Lely must be good. But it does not follow as a consequence that they must be perfect likenesses. If, however, Kneller has not flattered Lady Fox, we may arrive at one conclusion: that although when Sir Stephen married her his sight may have been dim from his seventy-six years of age, it was yet powerful enough to discern good looks. It is recounted that Miss Hope, who was a general favourite in Sir Stephen's family, was with them one day when a letter was brought in addressed "Lady Fox." "Lady Fox! and who can that mean?" was the general exclamation. Miss Hope arose and answered: "I think the letter is meant for me." And no one challenged the idea, which was soon turned into a reality by Miss Hope becoming truly Lady Fox.

We do not know whether such an experiment had been tried before. It may possibly be suggestive in future!

A charming portrait of a handsome woman holding a dog on her lap—Elizabeth Lady Holland, ~~by~~ Fagan. It would be difficult for mere words to give a just idea of the exquisite delicacy and grace displayed in this picture. The annexed steel engraving will, we trust, do for Fagan's work of art that in which our language would fail.

Henry, third Marquis of Lansdowne: a portrait after Sir Thomas Lawrence.

There are in the public life of a great man certain landmarks which one is supposed to know as one would know a chronological table of English or French Sovereigns. Thus we say: Henry Petty was born in 1780, and was educated at Westminster. He studied at Edinburgh under Dugald Stewart; took his degree at Cambridge in 1801; and shortly after attaining his majority sat for Calne. His maiden speech was on the subject of the Bank Restriction Act, but he made a more important one in the debate respecting the conduct of Lord Melville as Treasurer of the Navy. He proved his loyalty to Fox by refusing office under Pitt, and was Chancellor of the Exchequer in the Cabinet of "All the Talents." He contested successfully against Lord Palmerston a seat for the University of Cambridge, and lost the same seat on the Catholic Emancipation question. After that he represented Camelford. But it is not as a statesman that we would here commemorate his name; or even as a devoted adherent of Charles James Fox. Lord Lansdowne was a man eminently calculated to charm society, and to shine amongst great men. He understood art and encouraged it; he admired genius

and protected it. Kind and clever, generous and just, to know him was to love and revere him. While he contributed to the happiness of many a humble home, he was warmly welcomed in the most brilliant society. What presence better than his could add to the intellectual fire of Holland House? Who better than he could appreciate the beauties of art therein contained? Married to Lady Louisa Strangways, daughter of Lord Ilchester, and cousin of the third Lord Holland, he found in his wife a fit sharer of his tastes. By them Bowood was made a very gallery of Fine Arts, and Lansdowne House could be spoken of in a breath with Holland House, where the name of Henry Petty, third Marquis of Lansdowne, should always be honoured.

Watts completes the collection of family pictures in this room by two portraits of the present Lady Holland. One is only a head. But a pretty head by a great hand makes a successful picture.

The other is full-length; and we hope we are *not* over *Boswellian* in saying that Watts pronounces this his *finest* piece of colouring. On a canvas which measures 85 inches by 61, Lady Holland is represented as standing in a corner of the GILT ROOM. The massive plaits of her auburn hair are

displayed, without rudeness, by her back being turned to—a looking-glass! Utilizing a looking-glass thus, was, at that time, very new in painting; nor are there many artists to this day who, having the idea, would care to profit by it, and undertake the labour of reproducing by hand what the looking-glass reproduces by reflection. But photography, which can afford to give details without making them *extras*, has hackneyed the looking-glass idea into a looking-glass trick, and reduced it to the condition of a fine melody popularized on barrel-organs. In the picture before us, the looking-glass not only contributes a second view, but gives us variety in reflection. Everything is well managed. The drawing is good, the arrangement effective; and as for the colouring: what is dark, is rich; what is light, is pure; what is shade, is harmonious.

Next, we pass to two likenesses before which we would pause. They are those of two men with whom we are already acquainted, and who were frequent visitors at Holland House: Tom Moore, by Shee; and Rogers, by Hoppner.

Shee was an Irish portrait-painter of distinction, who, in 1830, succeeded Sir Thomas Lawrence as President of the Academy, and was knighted. He rarely painted anything but portraits. Here he

has depicted his countryman with the humour of his country. But though the said countryman was not lacking in humour, there was a time when he wanted the assurance which humour might, by those who have it not, be supposed to give.

It is interesting to read Moore's account of his natural embarrassment at appearing before an arena of literary judges assembled in Holland House after the appearance of his Parody of the Prince's letter, and before its authorship was known.

In 1812 he writes thus to his mother:—

“Saturday.

“MY DEAREST MOTHER.

“I never had such a *flattering*, but embarrassing scene as yesterday. I dined at Lord Holland's, and there were the Duke of Bedford, Lord Grey, Lord Morpeth, &c. Their whole talk was about my poem, without having the least idea that I had written it: their praises, their curiosity about the author, their guesses, &c., would have been exceedingly amusing to me, if there had been *no one* by in the secret; but Lord Holland knew it, which made me a good deal puzzled how to act. Nothing for a long time has made such a noise.

The copy I had for you has been forcibly taken away from me by Lord Holland this morning; but I dare say it will be in the papers to-day or to-morrow, and at all events I will not close this letter till I try whether I can get Rogers's copy, or Lord Byron's, for you."¹

Our readers, however, may prefer a few hitherto unpublished samples of his mind; and we would fain hope that, however insignificant, any original contribution from Moore's pen will not be devoid of interest. Here is a letter he wrote to Lord Holland in 1812:—

"I am afraid your Lordship does not care much about *Music*, and there is nothing else worthy of your notice in the *Melologue*, which I have the honour of sending to you—except perhaps two or three common-places about Liberty, which, as applied to Spain, I rather think you will not disapprove of.

"I also venture to send for your perusal a Pamphlet, which, from the narrow range of its circulation, has never, I dare say, reached your Lordship's eye—the only claim it has upon your attention, and the only reason I have for troubling you with it, is the manner in which *one name*, every

¹ Russell: Moore's Diary and Correspondence. (Letter 164.)

way dear to you, is introduced in^{*} it. For the rest, I only tried it as an exercise in a style of writing very new to me, and I regret and^{*} recant most heartily some ofⁱ the sentiments against Whiggism, which it contains—but I went to it hot from reading Bolingbroke, the Craftsman, &c. &c.

"If your Lordship will but accept it, as a mark of my respect, and not think me presumptuous in the manner of offering it, you will make me very happy."

"I have the honour to be,

"Very much your obliged Serv^t,

"THOMAS MOORE.

"27, BURY ST., *Tuesday*."²

But now, flying off from 1812 to 1821, we will give some extracts, bearing upon Holland House, from Moore's published Diary. The first offers a characteristic account of Elizabeth, Lady Holland, in her comments upon "Lalla Rookh."

From the diary of T. Moore, June 28th, 1821:—
"Called on the Hollands: both very gracious: wanted me to stay to dinner, as my agreement with Lord

¹ It is worthy of note that, in the original MS., "some of" is an interlineation; as if, on looking through what he had written, Moore wanted to retract part of his recantation.

² Holland House MSS.

John and Fazakerley was off, but I had promised the Storys to go to the fête at Beaujon in the evening. Lord H. praised 'Lalla Rookh' very warmly; and my Lady declared that, in spite of her objection to Eastern things, she must, *some time or other*, read it herself. Said she also hated Northern subjects, which Lord H. remarked was unlucky, as the only long poem he had ever written was in that region."

The next extracts bring us to the subject of Byron's Memoirs, which subject here becomes very interesting. For amongst Moore's manuscript, and we believe hitherto unpublished, letters at Holland House, there is that which, though it may not much enlarge the field of our knowledge, yet throws corroborative light upon some details already known. Indeed, more than one of these letters are directly alluded to in the published Diary.

July 6th, 1821.—"By the bye, I yesterday gave Lady Holland Lord Byron's 'Memoirs' to read; and on my telling her that I rather feared he had mentioned her name in an unfair manner somewhere, she said, 'Such things give me no uneasiness: I know perfectly well my station in the world; and I know all that can be said of me. As long as the few friends that I *really* am sure of speak kindly

of me (and I would not believe the contrary if I saw it in black and white), all that the rest of the world can say is a matter of complete indifference to me.' ”

Nov. 4th, 1821.—“The Blessingtons drove me to Holland House and waited for me. Read Byron’s verses to Lord and Lady H. and Allen; much struck by them, but advised me not to have any hand in printing them. Lord H. expressed some scruples about my sale of Lord B.’s ‘Memoirs;’ said he wished I could have got the 2000 guineas in any other way; seemed to think it was in cold blood depositing a sort of quiver of poisoned arrows (this more the purport than the words of what he said) for a future warfare upon private character; could not, however, remember, when I pressed him, anything that came under this strong description, except the reported conversation with Madame de Staël, and the charge against Sir Samuel Romilly, which, if false, may be neutralised by furnishing me with the means of putting the refutation on record with the charge. . . . Thrown into considerable anxiety and doubt by what Lord H. said this morning. Determined, if on consideration it appears to me that I could be fairly charged with anything wrong or unworthy in thus disposing of the

‘Memoirs,’ to ‘throw myself on the mercy of Murray, and prevail on him to rescind the deed, having it in my power, between the 500*l*. I have left in his hands, Lord L.’s 740*l*. and Lord John’s 200*l*., to pay him back near three-fourths of his 2000*l*. Lay awake thinking of it.”

Nov. 5th.—“Decided upon leaving the whole transaction as it is at present. Wrote a long letter to Lord Holland, expressing all I had felt and thought since I saw him ; the decision I had come to, and the reasons which induced me to it : found myself easier after this.”¹

Now we come to the “long letter” just mentioned :—

“Monday, November 5, 1821.

“DEAR LORD HOLLAND,

“What you said yesterday about the sale of Lord B.’s Memoirs made so strong an impression upon me, that my thoughts have been, ever since, occupied upon the subject ; and it was my resolution—if, after an honest consideration of the transaction, it appeared to me that I could be fairly thought to have done any thing wrong or un-

¹ Russell : Diary and Correspondence of Thomas Moore.

worthy in thus disposing of these papers—to prevail upon Murray (which I could easily have done) to cancel the deed between us and take back the money he had paid, having it in my power, from the kindness of Lord Lansdowne and Lord John Russell, to refund nearly the whole of the sum without much inconvenience to me. After the most anxious consideration, however, I see so little change effected in the original state of the case by my late arrangement with Murray, that I cannot perceive any necessity for retracing the steps I have taken. In the first place, my depositing the MS. in Murray's hands neither increases the certainty of publication nor hastens the time of it; and in the next place, I had already pledged myself to Lord Byron to be the Editor, in case I should survive, of these papers, leaving a part of them in their present state and exercising my discretion over the rest. . . . The alleged mistatement of Sir S. Romilly's conduct may be easily remedied by furnishing me with the means of contradicting it, and with respect to any charge against Mr. Brougham (though I do not remember that any such exists in the work) I can answer for his seeing all that is said about him and thereby having an opportunity of correcting any misrepresentation. . . .

“The slighting passage about Rogers’s Human Life is in the part over which I have discretionary power, and, at all events, is fully atoned for by the estimation which Lord B., on all other occasions, shows for his works, ranking him indeed, at the very head of all the poets of the present day. . . . Altogether, indeed, as far as concerns those I care for, or who, I think, ought to be cared for, there is nothing besides the usual difficulties attending all such responsibilities to make me regret or wish to alter the arrangement I have made.

“There is one suggestion, however, which I owe to my conversation with your Lordship, and that is the necessity of exercising the discretion given me as soon as possible and not leaving the passages which I think ought to be omitted to the chances of a future time or the taste of a less scrupulous Editor.

“May I ask you to show this letter to Lord Lansdowne, on his arrival?—To him, above most of the persons of this world, I should wish my conduct on every occasion to appear free from suspicion or reproach.

“Ever, my dear Lord, yours most faithfully,

“THOMAS MOORE.”¹

¹ Holland House MSS.

A shorter letter, addressed to Lady Holland apparently the next day, and throwing a little more light upon this interesting subject, is also creditable to the writer, while its combination of wisdom and fun may strike some readers as characteristic of the "*Paddy*."

"ST. JAMES'S PLACE,

"*Tuesday Night*.

"I ought to have added yesterday, in my letter to Lord Holland, that not only Brougham shall see whatever has been said of him (though I scarcely think his name is mentioned), but that—what is much more important—he shall, on my return, if he chuses, have the perusal of all that is said of Lady Byron (who has, herself, you know, already refused to read the work), in order that he may thus have an opportunity of refuting or correcting whatever has been mis-stated or misrepresented.

"Whatever may be thought of the propriety of publishing Private Memoirs *at all*, it certainly appears to me infinitely fairer thus to proclaim and lay them open to all eyes, while the persons interested are still alive to put the refutation upon record with the charge, than (according to the usual mode) to keep them as a fire in reserve till those

who are attacked have passed away, and no longer possess the means either of retorting or justifying.¹

"I am off for Paris in the morning.

"I have often entreated your Ladyship to employ me in some of your Paris commissions, but I am afraid you think I have too *Paddy* a head to be trusted with them—pray, try me however.

"Ever your faithful and obliged Serv^t,

THOMAS MOORE.²

"*Tuesday*" [Nov. 6, 1821.]

We feel an especial pleasure in making these details known, from the conviction that, however various may be the opinions entertained with reference to the Byron-Memoirs transaction, the letters themselves cannot but strengthen the now almost unanimous verdict that Moore's intentions were throughout scrupulously honourable.

One more specimen, and only one, we must add, be it only out of fellow-feeling to an author's difficulties. If Moore, great Tom Moore, experienced them, what must we do!

¹ We like that sentiment, and think Moore liked it also. For he *quotes* it in his diary of the same day, not verbatim, which perhaps proves that it was the result of thought rather than composition, and, oddly enough, he quotes it as though it had been addressed to *Lord Holland*.

² Holland House MSS.

"SLOPERTON COTTAGE, DEVIZES,

"May 7th, 1825.

"DEAR LORD HOLLAND,

"I hope you will forgive my pestering you for the copy of Sheridan's letter to the King (for the Prince) after the first Regency which you were so kind as to promise me. I have, indeed, deferred troubling you on the subject to the last moment, as I am now '*sous la Presse*' (as the French very feelingly call the process of printing) and shall soon come to the niche which I left for this document. I have, as I mentioned to you, the note that accompanied the statement, but it would be like giving the shell without the kernel, to publish one without the other, and I trust to your often-proved good-nature for letting me have the copy as soon as possible.

"I find my work of revision much more tedious than I expected. I had left a number of important and difficult points untouched, as Napoleon used to leave towns untaken in his rear—but I don't find them fall so easily under my hands as his did. The consequence of all this is that I shall be most unseasonably late in coming out. Indeed, if the Houses are to break up as soon as they say, I shall be the '*vox clamantis in deserto*.'

"I was sincerely glad to hear from Woolriche (who was exercising his kind skill here the other day for Mrs. Moore) that Lady Holland is so much better. Pray, give my best remembrances to her, and believe me, my dear Lord Holland,

"Ever faithfully yours,

"THOMAS MOORE."¹

The name of Rogers is even more familiarly connected with Holland House than that of Moore. So while we are by his portrait, we may be excused for also dipping a little into his correspondence.

The first letter we give seems a due recognition to the house of which we are treating.

From Rogers to Lord or Lady Holland²:—

"I am sure I left you with great regret yesterday, and when I have finished a little visit to my Brother which I shall have done by Monday next, I shall have very great pleasure in finding myself under

¹ Holland House MSS.

² Judging from the correspondence at Holland House, Rogers seems to have had a habit of not making a formal beginning to his letters; and from the present example we may see that he did not always make up for his deficiency in the continuation of them. It is true that before envelopes were a common luxury the back of a letter would have been likely to offer a key upon the subject of the person addressed. But, from the appearance of the original MS., the letter we are quoting seems to have been an enclosure.

the old roof that has sheltered so many foreign states-men—from Sully to Calonne—and so many foreign artists—from Vandyke to Canova.

“The English Worthies would soon exhaust, so feeble a pen and such diluted ink¹ as mine; so I will not mention a name.

“Ever Yours!

“SAML. ROGERS.”²

“*Wednesday. 9 o'clock.*”

The above allusion to Van Dyck having been “sheltered” under the roof of Holland House, though possibly not based upon stronger evidence than what we have already noticed,³ proves that in Rogers’s day there was at any rate an accepted tradition upon the subject.

The next letter we choose is worth insertion from the way in which it is turned:—

[1810-11.]

“I can’t get out, says the Starling. Now the Starling was most certainly thinking of some dear friends he wished to pass an hour or two with—in the Tuilleries (*sic*) gardens—or the Champs Elysées

¹ Curiously enough, our only difficulty in reading Rogers’s letters proceeds from the aged and faded ink of the MSS. His neat little handwriting is otherwise a model of distinctness.

² Holland House MSS.

³ See Vol. I. chap. i. pp. 29, 30.

—or the Bois de Boulogne. Yet he had not half so good a claim to Yorick's compassion, as I have at this moment to yours. In plain English, dear Lady Holland, I am very sorry to say that I am but *half-alive* to-day, and must (I think of it with great grief) deny myself the very great pleasure of waiting upon you. I am now become so great a performer in the several ways I mentioned, that I am really good for nothing but to assure you how sincerely

"I am ever yours,

"SAM^L. ROGERS.¹

"*Friday Morning.*"

Lastly, there is one letter from Venice which will have interest for those who know and admire Rogers's "Italy :"—

"VENICE, 23^d Oct. 1813.

"To-day in my Gondola I made a vow that I would write to you if it was only to thank you for your kind Instructions, which we have followed as closely as we could. The first night we slept under the Alps and from our windows saw a glorious sunset. The next, in our balcony, we stood over the Lago di Garda—the next, went to the Opera at

¹ Holland House MSS.

Verona, but saw neither *Mercutio* nor 'the two Gentlemen' there—the next night supped on *bec-cafici* at Padua, and so on to Venice. The thing perhaps that most of all delighted me was the view from a Benedictine Convent near Vicenza (you must remember it well)—but I cannot tell what I felt, when the postilion, turning round gaily and pointing with his whip, cried out '*Venetia!*'—and there it was sure enough with its long line of domes and turrets glittering in the sun. The inns all along were excellent, and the road full of passengers, but we remembered Lady Holland's advice, and were only stirring in the day-time. As for Venice, I go about in a dream from morning to night. 'Am I on the Rialto? Am I in St. Mark's Place? Is that the Adriatick?' If Venice is Venice no longer as everybody tells me, I can however see what never was seen before—at least in the way one would like. 'This is the hall of the Senate—This is the chamber of the Council of Ten—Into this closet the state-prisoner was brought—from the *piombi* or the *pozzi* to receive the sentence—after which he was led down that narrow staircase and across the *ponte de' sospiri* to be strangled in the first dungeon on the left.'—All this and more I heard with believing ears—such as I wished for at Verona when I saw Juliet's coffin

in the garden of a Convent. By the bye Love is no child's-play at Verona. The day before we came there, a young man in a fit of jealousy stilettoed his wife and his friend and all the world said they deserved it; tho' they seemed to change their tone a little when they said how beautiful she was. . . . What a strange thing is Fashion. Pray tell Lady H. that I am almost the only man in Venice—not in a pair of boots! The men who wait upon us at dinner are like so many jockeys at Newmarket. It was an inhuman thing to rob them of the only four horses they had.¹ . . . Last night we went to the Opera to see the Ballet of *Macbet*—when alas! he turned out to be a King of Persia. I hope the whole Caravan is well from the Grand Mama to

¹ N.B.—This is not strictly correct; as there is in the “Campo” at Venice the well-known equestrian statue of Bartolomeo Calceone, the Venetian military leader of the fifteenth century. Perhaps, however, as the horse is provided with a rider, Rogers intentionally excluded him from his reckoning!—The four horses Rogers mentions, and which now adorn the Cathedral San Marco, were originally brought in the Car of Victory from Corinth to Rome. From thence they were transported to Constantinople by the great founder of that city; and from its hippodrome to Venice by the Doge Dandolo. Napoleon, although by the secret articles the Venetians agreed to surrender twenty pictures and five hundred manuscripts, *but no statues*, carried off the horses to Paris, and put them on the triumphal arch in the Tuileries. But they were restored after the Treaty of Paris, in 1815, to their present position, where we trust they have found a final resting-place.

Mother Bunch. Pray remember me very affectionately to Lady Holland and believe me to be

“Yours ever most sincerely

“S. ROGERS.

“To-morrow we set off for Bologna, and I hope I shall reach Florence before you leave it. Here I have met with many Jessicas—no Desdemona—no Belvidera (*sic*)—but the Dories and the red Mullet are excellent.”¹

In concluding the list of portraits we notice, by Hayter, the artist who, more than once, adorns the walls of Holland House, one of Lord John Russell, the great statesman whom as an author we have so often quoted in this work.

Besides the portraits there are two sea-pieces, one by Haagen and one by Koekkoek, a famous Dutch marine painter. And a small picture entitled “Piron and his Friends,” to which no artist’s name appears attached.

In the ALCOVE leading to the LIBRARY there is a good deal of fine Oriental china; and, apart from the rest, is a china vase, on one side of which is represented Twickenham, on the other the Palace of the Tuileries. A graceful recognition by the King,

¹ Holland House MSS.

of kindness bestowed upon the exile. An inscription tells us this vase was given to Henry Edward Lord Holland by H.M. King Louis Philippe in the month of May 1847; and that Lord Holland received it in the Palace of the Tuileries from the hands of the King's sister, Madame Adélaïde.





CHAPTER XXII.

THE LIBRARY AND INNER LIBRARY.

THE LIBRARY is so lined with book-cases that comparatively little of the walls is to be seen. That little, however, looks brilliant, being hung with a many-coloured Cordova leather, which occupies a depth of about three feet between the top of the book-cases and the bottom of the cornice. The cornice itself is of oak, illuminated in gold, blue, and other tints. At intervals, along the cornice, occurs a Baron's coronet, entwined with the letter "H," the design which so often repeats itself inside and outside of the house. The ceiling is divided into seven vaulted compartments, set in oak, with a groundwork of blue, which is relieved by gold

stars. The compartments are alternately furnished with a skylight and a chandelier, the light of heaven and the light of earth, suggestive of the natural genius and acquired talents which have illuminated this room.

A bay-window at the centre to the west, mentioned in the plan of the first floor, overlooks the Dutch garden, and divides the Library into two parts. The view on the opposite page gives, we hope, a pretty good idea of the Dutch Garden from this window.

In the western wall of the Library are two chimney-pieces, painted in white and gold, and reaching to the cornice. The entablature of the mantel-pieces is supported by three Corinthian columns, between which are four panels, united by an oil-painting of a mythological subject in a gilt frame, while beneath each mantel-*shelf* are two little medallions painted with *Putti*.

The bay-window opens on to a terrace, which also communicates with the Inner Library, and forms part of the roof of the West Rooms. On the balustrade round this terrace occurs the same *fleur-de-lis* design which figures on the balustrades of the terraces to the south, and may be considered as a feature in the ornamentation of Holland House.



DUTCH GARDEN (FROM WEST OF HOUSE)

On the East wall, opposite the bay-window, are two doors, separated by a book-case. Each door is surmounted by a heraldic shield, the one bearing the arms of the first Lady Holland (Lady Caroline Lennox), on being made a Peeress;¹ the other those of her husband,² who, being at that time wanted in the House of Commons, was not raised to the Peerage till afterwards. The motto under Lady Holland's arms, *Re e marito*, is an allusion to the double source whence she derived the honour. One of the doors communicates with the terrace of the West Wing, the other with the Library Passage.

Towards the middle of the southern half of the East wall is a recess affording a charming peep, which includes the centre of the house in its rugged grey stone, part of the East Wing with its dull red bricks and grey stone ornaments, part of the terraces stretching out in light contrast from the South side of the house, part of the meadow beyond these, and a great deal of the avenue which adds a green side of varied tints to the picture.

At the North and South ends of the gallery are bay-windows. The view from the North window, graceful and pretty, is confined chiefly to the gardens, while the view to the South side might be pre-

¹ See tail-piece to this chapter.

² See head-piece.

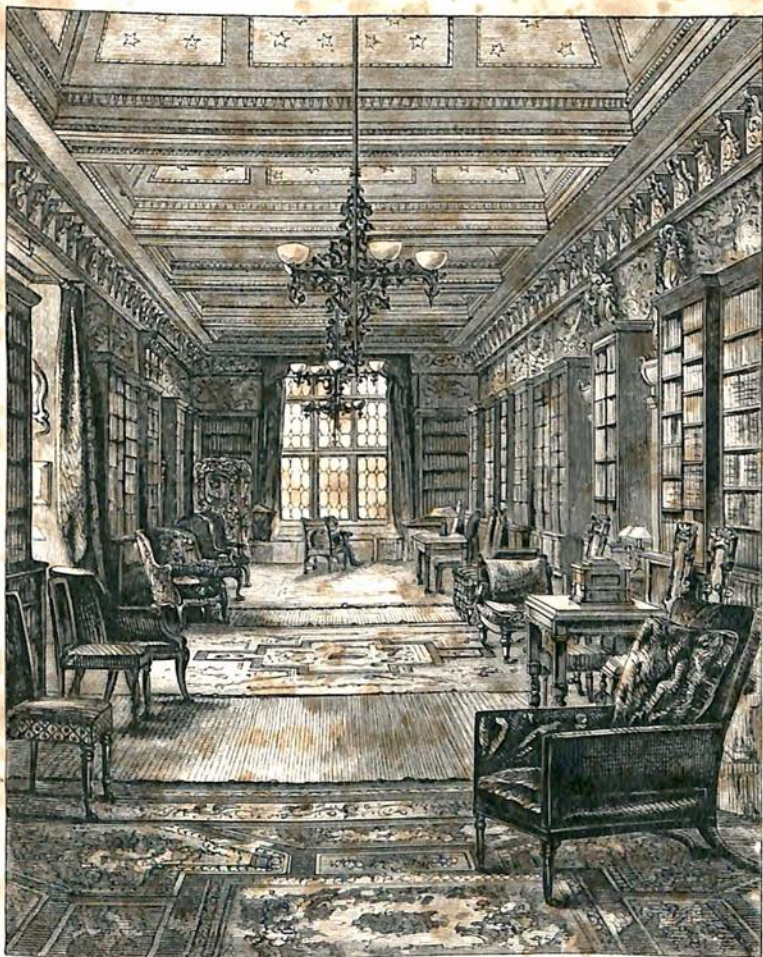
ferred on account of its extent: it is very nearly a repetition of what is to be seen from the window of the Gift Room. The plate opposite gives us something more than half the length of the Library. It is taken from the southern end, and consequently represents the northern.

Some of the books in the Library will be briefly noticed in another chapter; but, besides the books, this room contains a few objects which deserve at least a passing mention:—

Two mosaics: one of the Temple of Vesta, surmounted by the arms of Pope Clement XIV.; the other, of three Fauns.

A bit of the Albambra: No label on the stone, no note, that we are aware of, in Holland House, is extant to say by what means this little fragment from the fairy fabric was transported into England. But from the “Addenda and Corrigenda” for 1872 of Ford’s Handbook for Spain,¹ on the subject of the Albambra, we are told that the barbarous pillaging and mutilation of the walls, tiles, and sculptures, by travellers who ought to know better, has reached such a pitch, that Señor Contrera, the enlightened keeper and inspector, is obliged to send all offenders to the common gaol. “We do not,” continues the

¹ Fourth Edition, published by John Murray. London, 1869.



LIBRARY. NORTH VIEW.

Editor, "pity those who, after this warning, subject themselves to the unmentionable horrors of a Spanish prison." Does the just severity of the recent decree add interest to the object acquired many years ago?

Let us look lastly at Addison's table, with an inscription telling us that it belonged to the Right Hon. Joseph Addison, when living at the Temple, and after being in the possession of his daughter, of Sir Thomas Lawrence, and of Samuel Rogers, the poet, was purchased by Henry Edward, Lord Holland, at the sale of Mr. Rogers's property, May 5, 1856. And here we might justly quote the Italian proverb, *Bandiera vecchia, onor del Capitano*, for never was a table, small and simple in itself, more defaced by ink-blots; but these ink-blots have merit for us, and the old green cloth on which we find them is more valuable in our eyes than the richest Genoese velvet. This table, after so many peregrinations, each of them adding to its fame, has at length found the best place in which to rest—the very room in which Addison is described to us, pacing to and fro: tradition (perhaps exaggeration) adds, with a bottle of port at one end, and a bottle of sherry at the other, in which he tried to drown "dull care." And need it surprise us if the tale were true? There

are few troubles that take deeper root than those which are to be found in the drama, performed within the four walls of one's own home, and to which we sometimes reluctantly think Addison may have become a victim.

The Library was not arranged for a particular Royal visit, like the Gilt Room; it cannot boast of receiving the last breath of a great man, like the Dining Room. It is not by any means in the oldest part of the house, for the centre was built first; nor has it even retained its original aspect, for some tell us—what, however, we are not inclined to believe—that it was formerly a greenhouse; and others, what we know to be the case, that the ceiling was a plain white one, and that the walls, instead of being lined with book-cases, were adorned with full-length portraits. But the LIBRARY is now, to our taste, the finest room in the house; the contents, whether as relics or as literary treasures, are most precious; its historical associations are amongst the most varied; and it has been immortalised, together with some of those assembled within its walls, by Macaulay, in the following words:—

“ . . . With peculiar fondness they will recall that venerable chamber, in which all the antique gravity of a college library was so singularly blended

with all that female grace and wit could devise to embellish a drawing-room. They will recollect, not unmoved, those shelves loaded with the varied learning of many lands and many ages, and those portraits in which were preserved the features of the best and wisest Englishmen of two generations. They will recollect how many men who have guided the politics of Europe, who have moved great assemblies by reason and eloquence, who have put life into bronze and canvass, or who have left to posterity things so written as it shall not willingly let them die, were there mixed with all that was loveliest and gayest in the society of the most splendid of capitals. They will remember the peculiar character which belonged to that circle, in which every talent and accomplishment, every art and science, had its place. They will remember how the last debate was discussed in one corner, and the last comedy of Scribe in another; while Wilkie gazed with modest admiration on Sir Joshua's Barette; while Mackintosh turned over Thomas Aquinas to verify a quotation; while Talleyrand related his conversations with Barras at the Luxembourg, or his ride with Lannes over the field of Austerlitz. They will remember, above all, the grace, and the kindness, far more admirable

than grace, with which the princely hospitality of that ancient mansion was dispensed. They will remember the venerable and benignant countenance and the cordial voice of him who bade them welcome. They will remember that temper which years of pain, of sickness, of lameness, of confinement, seemed only to make sweeter and sweeter, and that frank politeness, which at once relieved all the embarrassment of the youngest and most timid writer or artist, who found himself for the first time among Ambassadors and Earls. They will remember that constant flow of conversation, so natural, so animated, so various, so rich with observation and anecdote; that wit which never gave a wound; that exquisite mimicry which ennobled, instead of degrading; that goodness of heart which appeared in every look and accent, and gave additional value to every talent and acquirement. They will remember, too, that he whose name they hold in reverence was not less distinguished by the inflexible uprightness of his political conduct than by his loving disposition and his winning manners. They will remember that, in the last lines which he traced, he expressed his joy that he had done nothing unworthy of the friend of Fox and Grey; and they will

have reason to feel similar joy, if, in looking back on many troubled years, they cannot accuse themselves of having done any thing unworthy of men who were distinguished by the friendship of Lord Holland.”¹

Could we leave the LIBRARY at Holland House better than under the auspices of Macaulay?

At the Northern end of the Library, to the West, is the Inner Library. By the side of its more splendid neighbour, it sinks into comparative insignificance. But it offers a fine view of the Dutch Garden, and is well furnished with books. In this room we may also mention a very valuable marble bust of Voltaire, and the following portraits:—

Sir Robert Walpole.

Edward, Lord Digby.

Admiral Lestock.

Stephen, first Earl of Ilchester.

Elizabeth, Countess of Ilchester.

The Right Hon. Thomas Winnington, who was born in 1696 and died in 1746. He was the great wit of his day, and the intimate friend of the first Lord Holland and Sir Charles Hanbury Williams.

And one which we take to be Count Rivarol.

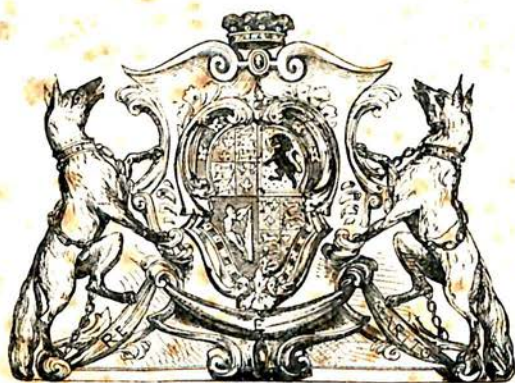
¹ Macaulay's Essays: Lord Holland.

To the above seven portraits there appears no artist's name. Besides these there are :

By Sir Joshua Reynolds : Henry, Earl of Digby.

By Northcote : Sackville, Earl of Thanet.

By Fabre : Prince Lucien Bonaparte. This picture was given by Prince Lucien to the third Lord Holland, and was sent by him from Rome after 1815.





CHAPTER XXIII.

THE LIBRARY PASSAGE.

THE LIBRARY PASSAGE gives us the idea of a dwarf whose external proportions may warn him against mixing in society, but who takes out the change which Nature seems to owe him, in the richest mental adornments ; and whose face lights up at the sight of the beautiful more pleasantly than that of many a parasite Adonis at the sound of the dinner-bell.

The LIBRARY PASSAGE is small and narrow and low ; but its walls are covered with objects of interest. It rejoices only in two little windows ; but even on these we shall find something worthy of attention.

First, however, we will look at the *pot-pourris*

of prints, portraits, photographs, and autographs, hanging on the walls.

Beginning with some large oil portraits, one of Addison, over the door opening into the Library, seems placed like a sentinel guarding his own memory. We call it Addison's portrait, and we hope we are right; but we admit we may be wrong. In a pamphlet, published in 1858, and entitled "Joseph Addison and Sir Andrew Fountaine; or the Romance of a Portrait,"¹ it is argued that this portrait represents Sir Andrew Fountaine, and not Joseph Addison at all; the chief reasons adduced being that the portrait in question is like one of Sir Andrew, and that when Addison's widow left Holland House, it is improbable she would have left such a portable portrait of her husband behind. As for two portraits or two sitters being like one another, the wonder is that, with so limited a list of features, there should not oftener exist a resemblance between faces. As for the portrait being left behind, that, we may infer, was not the case.

It came into the possession of Addison's daughter, and, *as the portrait of her father*, was bought at the sale of her effects by the third Lord Holland; in

¹ Published in London by Simpkin, Marshall, and Co., and in King's Lynn by Thew and Son.

the same way that Addison's table was bought as such by the fourth Lord Holland, at Rogers's sale. These we firmly believe to be facts, and facts are stubborn things. But so are often arguments likewise!

Next comes Benjamin Franklin, and if sitting for a portrait gives any chance of a likeness, we may hope there is a likeness here, as we are told that the good and great man sat for this in Paris; probably, though, not giving undivided attention to the artist; but rather, we imagine, meditating the while over the treaty which was to give peace to his country.

After Benjamin Franklin we come to Lope de Vega, with whose name anybody who has access to the books at Holland House should be familiar; for amongst them is a large collection of his works. It is not often that the appearance of a man corresponds with the idea we form of him by his writings, but Lope de Vega is an exception. He looks Lope de Vega indeed.

We would next give Galileo a look and a thought. Who indeed would not give both to the discoverer of a movement in which he and his fellow-creatures had been unconsciously taking part all their lives, and from whose lips we can almost hear the words

he pronounced after his forced abjuration : *E pur si muove !* This portrait, the copy of a Titian, was painted at Florence in 1794, by the Rev. Mr. Penrose.

From the portrait of a writer who was a great natural philosopher, we pass to that of a philosophical historian who was a great writer : Machiavelli, the author of the Discourses on Livy, the History of Florence, and that never-to-be-forgotten treatise, "Il Principe." Machiavelli—the man of whom Macaulay says, "Out of his surname they [Englishmen] have coined an epithet for a knave, and out of his Christian name a synonyme for the Devil"¹—appears before us, bringing with him the varied history of Florence, in prose which Italy has not yet found equalled.

Now we have an English philosopher : Locke's pensive face arrests our attention, and gives us the pleasure we sometimes experience in life of gazing into eyes which are as the watch-fire to vast intellect. This portrait of the great Whig philosopher is supposed to be the identical one discarded from Christchurch. It could not find a more appropriate home than Holland House.

We next stop—a sudden transition—before a

¹ Macaulay's Essays.

portrait of Madame de Sévigné, whose easy, graceful style, as she let her pen *trotter, la bride sur le cou*, though it has surely found more warm admirers than successful imitators, has charmed many an hour unfitted for deeper studies.

Having noticed the larger pictures, we come to a sketch of the short-lived King Edward VI., done by Vertue, and given by Horace Walpole.

Next, an original sketch, by Sir Joshua Reynolds, of Lord Ossory. It is rough, and consists only of a few lines. But in spite of its roughness, in its few lines is revealed the great master. The sketch was done at Ampthill, and given to the third Lord Holland, by Lord Ossory.

And now we must pause before a curious and valuable little collection of mementoes grouped together; valuable from its associations, curious for its arrangement.

A photograph, given to Lady Holland by Princess Lieven, forms the centre of the group. It represents the members of the Congress of Paris in 1856, and is signed by themselves. The signatures—some written by hands that can write no more, some by hands that will, we trust, be able to wield their pens for years to come—suggest a host of reflections. If the dead were alive, would they not help the

living? But what *is*, *must* be, and it is right that it should be so.

It would be both tedious and useless here to enumerate the signatures, so we proceed at once to an enamelled miniature portrait of Catherine, Empress of Russia, with an autograph letter, which we reproduce.¹

The sentiment expressed in the letter is certainly a good one, and the testimony of the woman who bore the noble title of *Mère de la Patrie* is a flattering one to Fox. But we are astonished to find that the correspondent of Voltaire should not have written the French language more correctly. She had, however, a tendency to begin things with impetuosity and to leave them uncompleted, which tendency was cleverly satirized by Joseph II., whom, during his journey with her into Tauride, she begged to lay the second stone of Ekatherinoslaw, she herself having laid the first. Joseph related the circumstance thus: "I finished an important business with the Empress of Russia in one day; she laid the first stone of a town and I the last."

¹ From a note at the back of the framed autograph, it would appear that Catherine's letter was originally written in pencil and afterwards inked over by Count Berborotko, to whom it was addressed, and by whom it was sent to Charles James Fox.

Ecrives au Ste. Monro
 qu'il me fasse avoir en marbre
 blanc le Buste ressemblant
 de Charles Fox, je veut le
 mettre sur ma Colonade
 entre ceux de Demosthene
 et Cicéron;

Il a delivré par son Elo
 quence sa Patrie et la
 Russie d'une guerre ala
 quelle il n'y avoit ni justice
 ni raisons

Catherine's picture and autograph stand between miniatures on ivory of Napoleon and Robespierre, whilst the photograph of the Congress is between the Prince of Wales, afterwards George IV., a miniature on glass, a miniature bust in relief of Earl Grey, and a miniature on glass of the Right Hon. George Tierney.

On the back of the miniature of Robespierre, after his name, Fox has written, *un scélérat, un lâche et un fou*. Although Mr. Froude and other modern writers have exhibited to us old historical portraits in a new light, and although opinions concerning Robespierre have oscillated perhaps as much as did Robespierre's own opinions, yet the judgment of posterity is likely to concur, more or less, in the fitness of the epithets here bestowed by Fox.

But now, abandoning all attempt at classification, let us pick out for ourselves what remains of most interest in the LIBRARY PASSAGE.

There is a pen-and-ink sketch, by the Hon. William Wallace, of Gibbon and Madame de Silva;¹ and there is a pen-and-ink sketch of Voltaire with a few friends; there is also a letter from Voltaire

¹ See tail-piece to this chapter, in which, however, the sketch is reduced to very diminutive proportions.

addressed to Henry Fox, afterwards the first Lord Holland :—

“AUX DÉLICES,
28 avril N.S.

“S^r

“Y^r son is an english lad, and j an old frenchman he is healthy, and j sick, yet j love him with all my heart, not only for his father, but for him self. We are very free together, he does me the honour to come to my little caban when he pleases ; We are to dine just now, and to drink y^r health. t’is for me a good fortune to receive the son of the amiable and honour’d m^r Fox who was formerly so kind to me, if j were but sixty years old, i would come again to england but j will live here and dye with the utmost respect

“Monsieur

“Votre tres humble et tres obeissant

“Serviteur VOLTAIRE.”

From the superscription and conclusion of this letter, we may infer that with Voltaire, as with other mortals, there is more than *le premier pas qui coûte*, there is also the last. But his English is certainly better than Catherine’s French ; though, according to a story told of him while he was learning the

language, he would not have appeared partial to it: finding that the word *plague* with six letters was monosyllabic, and *ague* with only the four last letters of *plague* dissyllabic, he expressed a wish that the *plague* might take one half of the English language, and the *ague* the other!

From Voltaire's letter we turn back to the sketch we have already mentioned. Here we see him at a repast, evidently laying down the law to the assembled company, which consists of D'Alembert, Condorcet, Diderot, La Harpe, le Père Adam, and l'Abbé Mauré. Le Père Adam seems intent upon carving, and Diderot intent upon le Père Adam; but Voltaire is apparently the only talker, D'Alembert and l'abbé Mauré seem listening to him, and he has even secured the attention of one or two of the servants, who look much amused.

On another side of the LIBRARY PASSAGE is a print representing another dinner table, but extremely unlike that at which Voltaire sits. In this we see the Duke and Duchess of Newcastle and their family; their position is explained by the lines inscribed beneath:—

“Thus in this Semy-Circle wher they Sitt,
Telling of Tales, of pleasure and of witt,
Heer you may read without a Sinn or Crime,
And how more innocently pass your tyme.”

Once more we have an interior, but this time an empty one. It is a print of the Cabinet of Beethoven. The moon is shining through a single window and lights up the piano, which seems to fill the room as music filled Beethoven's soul. The complete solitude of the scene allows our thoughts to remain in an ideal sphere, and it is thus that we should see the room of an essentially ideal composer.

Above this print is a crowquill portrait of Charles Edward Stuart, to connoisseurs a precious relic. On the reverse are a few explanatory words:—

“Charles Edward Stuart, son to James Stuart, son of James the Second.

“This drawing with a crow-quill, hung many years in the bed-room or dressing-room of Anne, Countess of Upper Ossory, at Amptill Park.

“It had, I believe, been bought by her at Rome, about the year 1770.

“VASSALL HOLLAND.”

In order better to understand how several things at Holland House came from Amptill, we should mention that, in the February of 1818, the Earl of Upper Ossory, uncle to the third Lord Holland, died. He had been as a father to Lord Holland during his lifetime; and, at his death, he left him his estates in Bedfordshire. They were situated in

Mr. Grigsby
 The 8th June 1719
 Please to Permit the Right Hon^{ble} the Countess
 of Warwick to accept for me any fine of Summe-
 of Stock that shall be transported to me in the
 Books of the Postoffice Company & this shall be
 Your sufficient Warrant From. *James Mordaunt*

Joseph Addison.

the parishes of Millbrook, Amptill, Houghton, and Marston. And several of the pictures now at Holland House or St. Anne's Hill were transported to Amptill Park, where Lord Holland, as well as at Holland House, used to dispense his genial hospitality.

Having given this brief explanation, we pass on to a precious little bit of paper historically connected with Holland House. It bears Addison's last autograph; an autograph which we reproduce, and which, after what has been hinted about Addison's unhappy married life, seems to us both interesting and pathetic.¹

Above the autograph is a frame, containing a piece of wood from the door of the room in which Ariosto died at Ferrara (1533), and also a medallion which was found near his head when his coffin was removed, with great pomp, from San Benedetto to the University at Ferrara, and opened in the presence of the French General Miollis (1800).

Above the frame with the wood and medallion is a miniature cast of Milton, in ivory. This portrait, in the same room with that of Addison, reminds us of the story of Milton's daughter coming to see Addison at Holland House. He had requested

¹ See Appendix E.

her to bring some evidence of her birth, but so soon as he saw her he exclaimed, "Madam, you need no other voucher! Your face is a sufficient testimonial of whose daughter you are!" Probably Addison had studied Milton's portrait; certainly, he was the first to render the great poet familiar in *our* mouths as household words, by his critiques on "Paradise Lost" in the *Spectator*. The link here is evident!

Above the miniature cast of Milton, is an engraving of the cell where Martin Luther lived from 1505 to, 1507. It was at Erfurt, as we all know, that, almost demented by the death of a friend, he retired under the roof of an Augustine convent, and there spent two years in the most fervent observance of the rules he was later to trample under foot.

In another part of the LIBRARY PASSAGE are wax casts of the Right Hon. Edmund Burke and Sir Joshua Reynolds, by Mountstephen, and of Pope Benedict XIV.

We like to close this real scrap-book, the leaves of which we have just been turning over, by a portrait of George Selwyn. According to a note on the back, it is a striking likeness copied by Jackson, R.A., from a portrait at Castle-Howard, and given in 1831 by Lord Carlisle to the third Lord Holland. In that thoughtful but humorous face we can see

the love of corpses combined with the facility for jokes: the man who travelled to Paris, in order, as an *amateur*, to see Cartouche broken on the wheel, and the man who, going to sleep in the House of Commons, said that his was not a case of *Pro rege semper, pro republica sæpe*, but *Pro rege semper, pro republica SLEEPY*. His eyes look into the distance as if penetrating into the infinity of nature, and the flexibility of words. His mouth, even pouting, seems to smile, and his turn-up nose shows a strong power of repartee.

George Selwyn's ready witticisms might fill a volume; and though we have mentioned some in a former chapter, we may be excused for offering here one more example of them,—an example which is almost historical:—

George II. had such an aversion to Selwyn that he always called him “that *rascal* George!” Selwyn, overhearing him one day, musingly observed, “*Rascal*? What does that mean? Oh! I forgot that it was an hereditary title of the Georges!”

But before quite leaving the LIBRARY PASSAGE we must not forget to look at the windows. In the southern window is a pane of glass removed from the window of what we believe used to be Rogers's dressing-room in the East Turret. Upon this pane

of glass are cut some lines by Hookham Frere. They date from October 1811, and run as follows:—

‘May neither fire destroy nor waste impair
Nor time consume thee till the twentieth Heir,
May Taste respect thee and may Fashion spare.’

To which we add a devout Amen! and to which Rogers is reported to have said, “I wonder where he got the diamond.”

‘Ah, well! If there was a scarcity of diamonds among any of the company at Holland House in those days, we may safely assume that there was an abundance of what is worth much more than diamonds: wit,—wit which is not dug out of the earth, but is heaven-born!’

Opposite the southern window is a double one, which gives light to the WEST TURRET STAIRCASE. In the lower part of this window is the glass which used to be in the chapel.¹ It has German decorations; pieces of different coloured glass, producing upon the adult much the effect of the kaleidōscope upon the child. An inscription in Dutch on the glass relates the story of Esther and Haman.

We have not enumerated quite all the mementoes in the LIBRARY PASSAGE. Indeed, besides what we

¹ See Vol. I. p. 204.

have mentioned, and what we have not mentioned, it contains books, and thus deserves to be considered as part of the Library. But we have met here some who are not often seen together: Machiavelli, Addison, Lope de Vega, Madame de Sévigné, Locke, Franklin, the Empress Catherine, Robespierre, . . . and thus we leave the LIBRARY PASSAGE to enter the YELLOW DRAWING ROOM.





CHAPTER XXIV.

THE YELLOW DRAWING ROOM.

THE YELLOW DRAWING ROOM is appropriately so called from the colour which chiefly pervades it, though not to a monotonous extent, for the cornice is blue and gilt, and the yellow walls are enlivened by various copies of Italian masters. The most attractive part of this room, as in many other rooms at Holland House, is, at first sight, the chimney-piece.

As a rule, it is the blazing fire within the grate which invites us to draw near to it on a cold, bleak day; it has that by which the hearth has acquired the sweetest and dearest of all epithets—the *friendly* hearth. The centre, almost, of home ties, it brings

with its very name the purest and most lasting affections of life. So cosy, so merry, when our loved ones are assembled around; and even if dreary or cheerless when Time has dispersed them, still a fire is, as Sydney Smith said, "a live thing in a dead room;"¹ to which circumstance he thought its pleasantness might be attributed.

The wanderer longs for the day that shall bring him again to the hearth he perhaps thoughtlessly left; the prodigal child looks back regretfully on the time when the homely hearth sheltered him with the others, and murmurs, "Alas! I am no longer worthy to be there!"

The hearth, like every other earthly thing, has its day: the cold and wintry season, during which we seek its kindly warmth. But when the first notes of the cuckoo are heard, when the very air dances with pleasure at the coming spring, when trees adorn themselves with their light-green mantles, and nature seems one great and beautiful theatre for Love—then good-bye to the fire-place and all that appertains to it; up fly the window-sashes, out we rush, revelling in the bright scene, with new life in our hearts, and a keen enjoyment of nature's reviving beauties—an enjoyment which is.

¹ Memoir of Sydney Smith, by his daughter. Chap. ix.

as a note of praise to the God of Nature Himself. Then the hearth must slumber for a while ; we try to conceal its very existence, and often, on a hot, sunny day, we may find ourselves wondering how we ever could have been cold enough to sit by it.

In the YELLOW DRAWING ROOM, however, the chimney-piece is so pretty that we would willingly draw near to it even with the thermometer high and a fire blazing. From the mantel-shelf to the cornice there is a ground of sea-green, with graceful designs upon it in pink and gold, shaded by soft brown ; while, scattered in pretty order upon that part of the wall, are quaintly shaped looking-glasses, candelabras over brackets, and vases. Above the centre looking-glass, which is elliptical, placed lengthways, appears a sketch of Lady Holland's eye within a Florentine frame. Higher up still, is a portrait in pastel of Charles James Fox as a child, with a spaniel in his lap. The chimney-piece projects some three feet into the room, and a bay-window opposite looks out upon the part of the terrace which is alongside of the Library.

Having given a tribute to art and grace, which, harmonizing with each other, have here led us by the hand, we come to a collection of historical interest :—

A pair of candlesticks in Byzantine ware, which belonged to Mary, Queen of Scots.¹ They were in her possession at Fotheringay Castle, and thus were witnesses to the last hours of her life's tragedy : witnesses to Paulet's and Mildmay's custody over the Scottish Queen ; witnesses to the proud and ironical retorts with which she greeted Elizabeth's imperious messages ; witnesses also to the remorseful prayer of a heart-broken woman when she remained *alone* within the walls of her castle prison.

An ancient poison-ring with a death's head in carbuncle, supposed to have been sent to Mary, Queen of Scots. We accept the idea too naturally after the thoughts to which we have just given vent. But Mary did not need the poison-ring. She had in her crucifix and her rosary wherewithal to heal a wounded heart.

An interesting memorial of the seventeenth century : a medal with Charles I. on one side and Henrietta on the other—in fact, the badge worn by the Jacobites.

What comes next, though scarcely of Jacobite extraction, is still connected with the Stuarts—a watch and châtelaine of Mary, second Lady Hol-

¹ See tail-piece to chap. xxv.

land.¹ It is very pretty, with charming enamels and rococo diamond knots. Upon the châtelaine hangs a ring with a miniature portrait of Charles II., given by him to the Duchess of Portsmouth and constantly worn by her. Inside the ring are the letters "C.R." engraved and filled in with enamel.

Two gold *plaques*: on the one are represented two holy women; on the other are painted miniatures of our Saviour and the Blessed Virgin. These almost recall pictures of Cimabue's time, but the drawing is infinitely more correct.

We are noticing the objects rather as they are arranged than in chronological order. From the *Cinque Cento* we now go to comparatively modern English.

A gold enamel watch with seals, worn by C. J. Fox. The watch is large and rather flat, bordered on both sides with enamel. Behind the glass, on the back, is plaited some grey hair. The watch is plain, but quaint and original looking.

A locket given by Lord Lauderdale to Mrs. Fox. It contains C. J. Fox's hair fantastically worked in flowers; and round it is inscribed his name with the date of his death, Sept. 13, 1806, and his age at the time, 57. It was evidently sent to the

¹ See tail-piece to this chapter.

widow after the great man's death. On the reverse of the locket, the well-known lines by Fitzpatrick;¹ and round it, an inscription by which we know that the locket was given from Lord Lauderdale to Mrs. Fox.

Two rings on a chain. One of them is very plain, with an inscription engraved inside naming the Rev. Saml. Parr, LL.D., and the time of his death, Mar. 1825, æt. 79.

The other is a remembrance of one dear to the lovers of poetry, a mourning ring "In memory of Byron." The words are in Old English, and the poet's name is surmounted by a Baron's coronet.

A ring presented to C. J. Fox, with *libre ou mourir* upon it—an appropriate motto for the constant and eloquent defender of liberty.

C. J. Fox's pen, his pencil-case, and his fruit-knife. Insignificant, perhaps, in themselves, but revered within the walls of Holland House.

An inkstand, given *To Mary Augusta Fox from her sincere friend Queen Adelaide of England.*

¹ See chap. viii. p. 218. On the locket, however, the words differ a little from those beneath the bust, running thus:—

"A Patriot's steady course he steer'd,
Midst Faction's wildest storms unmov'd;
By all who knew his Mind rever'd,
By all who knew his Heart belov'd."

A small blue and gold snuff-box, with a miniature in the lid. A slip of paper inside tells us the reason why the box is preserved as a curiosity ; for by what is written we learn that the miniature is the likeness of Governor Howell of Calcutta, the great-grandfather of the undersigned, Emily Craigie. Governor Howell was the principal survivor from the Black Hole of Calcutta.

An ivory note-book, a "SOUVENIR D'AMITIÉ." Inside the note-book are a few words in pencil : "Given me July 9th, 1789, by Lady Lansdowne, only a few weeks before her death— for she died in the August of the same year ; remained in my dear Aunt Evey's possession till her death, alas ! Jan^y 16, 1830. Then given to her sister Mrs. Smith, and returned to me by her unhappy survivor . . ." Here the indistinctness of the writing hides from us the rest of the story. This little touching explanation must have been made by Miss Fox, "Aunty," sister of the third Lord Holland ; the Lady Lansdowne who made the present was the second wife of William, first Marquis of Lansdowne. "Aunt Evey" was probably a Miss Vernon, who lived with Miss Fox at Little Holland House ; and whose sister, called upon this tablet of memory "her unhappy survivor,"

married Bobus Smith. Thus the little tablets tell their tale ; and we venture to think that it will be scarcely looked upon as a fault if we have, perchance, allowed to creep into our account of a collection which is historically valuable, some objects which are interesting only as family links with the past.

Another *souvenir d'amitié* understood though not expressed. A cameo ring containing Jeremy Bentham's hair and profile; with the words *Memento for Miss Fox* engraved upon it, together with the date of Jeremy Bentham's birth and death; the former as having taken place in 1747, the latter on June 6, 1832, in his eighty-fifth year.

In life, characters and interests of the most opposite kind are often, to our astonishment, brought together ; and, after death, how often are remembrances from the most opposite sources brought together likewise.

Here in the same cabinet with two bracelets and a cap, souvenirs of the pious Queen Marie Amélie, offered to the present Lady Holland, we find numerous relics of the great Napoleon, collected by the third Lord Holland.

Such an union may remind us that, though their interests were antagonistic, the lots of Marie Amélie

and Napoleon were in some salient features the same. Each was for a time the favoured child of fortune ; each for a time wore a French crown ; each died in exile. But the resemblance in their lives thus evoked is not so great as the difference of their portraits—portraits which truly require an abler hand than ours to do them justice.

Brought up amidst every beauty of nature and beneath a genial sky, the good Neapolitan Princess carried with her through life a grace and warmth symbolical of her country. Nor was that all : she gathered sweet flowers from each land she dwelt in, and dispensed the perfume, while she took unto herself the bitter herbs from affliction's path, and from them received strength. Thus, gentle in prosperity and dignified in adversity, loving and beloved, she lived on earth until it pleased God to call her to Himself.

After the recollection of Marie Amélie has stirred up tender and pious emotions in our breasts, it is with a sudden revulsion of feeling that we see in imagination the figure of Napoleon : the solitary man, wearing a *redingote grise* and a three-cornered hat, standing with knitted brow and folded arms upon an island which rises like a mountain out of the sea. The sun may shine upon his rocky pedestal, the

waves may beat against it, but neither sun nor waves can destroy the chained eagle's hideous legacy written there in characters of dire vengeance : *Je lègue l'opprobre de ma mort à la maison régnante d'Angleterre.*

And to this is reduced Napoleon, the once master of Europe ; he whose very name struck horror and dismay into many a vanquished heart ! He was as the firebrand of the world ; and yet there he stands, vanquished, alone—to die desolate. Well may the great prisoner contemplate the immensity around him, as an eagle watches the skies ; and well may he, eagle-like, long to fly up to the sun, that he may at least die in a globe of fire. Some children may listen to his story, and then, trembling with fear, bury themselves in their snowy cribs ; some may lie awake all night thrilling with excitement at the bold adventurer's course ; and some may even yet long to free him from that island rock ; for, as Napoleon himself said, when, on his way to St. Helena, he observed that the English midshipmen treated him with marked respect : “ Children are full of enthusiasm.” And we who now write, although we may no longer urge a child's excuse for being enthusiastic, if indeed enthusiasm calls for an excuse, we ourselves are deeply moved, as we take, one by

one, the relics, honoured in Holland House, of the great Napoleon ; for

“ All quell’d !—Dark spirit ! what must be
The madness of thy memory ! ” ¹

First we note a locket containing *Napoléon’s* hair, and a piece of paper with some more hair in it. The locket is in crystal, surmounted by the eagle and the crown of laurels due to the hero, with the word *Napoleone* on the back. There is but little hair, and that little is tied by a tricolor string. Enveloping the paper with hair in it are copies of two letters to Mrs. Fox : one from the third Lord Holland, the other from Barry O’Meara. The first is a kind of introduction to the second ; and the second tends to prove the high esteem in which Charles James Fox had been held by the hero who at one time swayed the destinies of Europe :—

“ HONBLE. MRS. FOX,

“ ST. ANNE’S HILL,

“ CHERTSEY.

“ DEAR MRS. FOX

“ Mr. O’Meara is just come here, in the expectation of finding you, and giving you the en-

¹ Byron, Ode to Napoleon Bonaparte.

closed present of Napoleon's hair, which he says that you expressed a wish to possess. He begs me to send it with his compliments and respects.

"Ever truly your affect^o,

"VASSALL HOLLAND.

"19th Aug. 1822.

"Have the goodness to acknowledge the receipt of the lock by a line directed

"to BARRY O'MEARA, ESQ.,

"No. 3, Lyons Inn,

"Newcastle Street."

"3, LYONS INN, STRAND, August 22.

"MADAM

"It has given me infinite satisfaction that it should have been in my power to have offered you any relic, however trifling, of the departed hero; more especially as I am quite convinced that, were he in existence, he would feel gratified by any attention shown to the relict of that great man whose name I never heard him pronounce unaccompanied by some expression of approbation, or of esteem. With these sentiments, I do myself the pleasure of enclosing you a small fragment of the hand-writing of the man whose signature

once decided the fate of kings and of nations,
and have the honour to be

“Madam,

“With great respect and esteem,

“Your very ob^t servant

“BARRY E. O’MEARA.

“*To Mrs. Fox.*”

Further on we find a ring, a very narrow gold ring with an emerald and two poor diamonds; a cross of the Legion of Honour, and a sock.

The ring seems to have been brought from St. Helena for Elizabeth, Lady Holland, in whose handwriting we find with the ring: “Sent by Countess Bertrand, by Major Poppleton.” The cross was the one worn by Napoleon, and given to Lady Holland by General Flahault, and the sock Napoleon wore at the moment of his death. There is also some snuff which was found in his snuff-box at Longwood after he died, and given to Lady Holland by Count Montholon on the 1st of October, 1821. Some people may sneer at the triviality of such relics, or recoil at the associations they suggest; but as things worthless in themselves are infinitely precious to the lover, if his beloved has worn or touched them, so is it to the hero-worshipper with what has been in contact with his or her hero.

Together with these comparatively trifling objects is a copy of the *Edinburgh Review* for December 1816, noted by the great man, and thus giving a sample, if not of his handwriting, at least of his mind. The noting, unfortunately, is in pencil, and so faint that if it includes any actual words, these are practically unreadable.

Lady Holland herself, in a note at the beginning, tells us that this number of the *Edinburgh Review* was given to her by Mr. O'Meara, and that the pencil marks on the margin of the article on "Letters from St. Helena" were made by Napoleon, who expressed on reading it much surprise at the minute knowledge of the Reviewer upon some early events of his life,¹ which he had himself almost forgotten.

On the first page of the *Review*, there is the autograph of Barry E. O'Meara.

The review is upon *Letters from St. Helena*. By WILLIAM WARDEN, Surgeon on board the North-umberland. 8vo. London, 1816. The letters are favourable to Napoleon, and the review is favourable to the letters. Our business, however, is neither with the review nor with the letters, so much as

And no wonder, since it appears that the reviewer was John Allen.

with the expression of Napoleon's feelings as here found upon the former.

At page 466, Napoleon marks with pencil crosses a paragraph alluding to the noble origin of his family. It was originally Tuscan, and had been settled for many centuries at San Miniato. As the reviewer says, at the height of Napoleon's fortune there were flatterers who found or fabricated proofs of his descent from the ancient princes or tyrants of Treviso; but there was probably as little foundation for this genealogy as for the miserable impostures of the emigrants who represented him as sprung from the lowest dregs of the people.

At page 467, he marks an account of his early education and an allusion to the kindness shown him after the death of his father by his great uncle Lucien, Archdeacon of Ajaccio; and the statement of his having written a history of Corsica, which he sent to the Abbé Raynal, then residing at Marseilles, who advised him to publish it.

At page 468, he marks an account given of the grounds of difference between him and Pozzo di Borgo, with whom he was, at first, on terms of intimacy, and, later, on terms of the bitterest animosity.

At page 469,* he marks an anecdote of his pointing

out to his brother at Toulon, after the allied army had left the town, a spot where an unskilful attack on one of the forts had caused an unnecessary slaughter, and uttering, with great emotion and with tears in his eyes, that if the wretch who led the soldiers to the fort had understood his duty, many of those would be living and serving their country.

At page 473, he marks an anecdote told by Count Meerfeldt, one of the negotiators on the part of Austria at Leoben and at Campo Formio, that on the part of Austria he, Meerfeldt, offered a principality in Germany to Napoleon, who replied that it would never answer for him, and added that it was his object to obtain admission into the government of his own country, and that if he could once set his foot into the stirrup he had no doubt he should go a great way.

Pages 477 and 478 deal with the well-known and much-debated charge against Napoleon, that he recommended to Desgenettes to give a dose of opium to the soldiers at Jaffa who being ill with the plague could neither be removed without great risk of infection nor live twenty-four hours; and to Desgenettes' fine answer, that *son métier étoit de guérir et non de tuer*. Lower down on page 478, the reviewer

says: "he must have a mind strongly biassed by prejudice, who can represent the proposal of Napoleon as arising from a callous insensibility to the sufferings and fate of his soldiers. It had its source, on the contrary, in strong but ill-directed feelings of humanity, which neither he nor Desgenettes had a right to indulge in the manner proposed." Which observation Napoleon, at least partly, marks.

At page 479, he marks almost all the following passage: "We have heard, that when the news of his return [from Egypt] reached Paris, the Directory ordered Fouché, their Minister of Police, to arrest his person; but Fouché declined the office, saying, '*il n'est pas homme à se laisser arrêter; aussi ne suis-je pas l'homme qui l'arrêtera?*'"

And at page 480, he marks what follows:—"The western departments were desolated by civil war, which the abominable law of hostages had rekindled. Napoleon [after the 18th of Brumaire] abolished the law of hostages—closed the list of Emigrants—and, by a judicious mixture of mildness and severity, restored tranquillity to those departments."

To account for these relics of the great Emperor being kept here, we must remind the reader of a few facts gleaned from Lord Holland's Foreign Remi-

niscences, or elsewhere, and showing that Napoleon's acquaintance with the family was more than formal.

On the 1st of October, 1801, the preliminaries of the Peace of Amiens had been signed at St. Anne's Hill; and six months afterwards peace was finally concluded at Amiens by Joseph Buonaparte and Lord Cornwallis. During the short cessation of hostilities after this peace, Charles James Fox went over to France and had various meetings with Napoleon, then First Consul of the Republic, who asked him to dinner often, and showed him many civilities. One day Fox had visited Napoleon's Palace of Malmaison, but not content with seeing what the ordinary run of visitors were allowed to see, he manifested a great desire to be shown Napoleon's private apartments. This was strictly against all orders; but Fox would not be refused, and he was at last taken into Napoleon's study. Some papers were strewn upon the table; but Fox's attention was especially drawn to a magnificent writing-desk, made according to Napoleon's own idea, and which he generally used.

At St. Cloud, Fox found greater difficulty in seeing what he wanted, but there too he at last succeeded, and was pleased with a very good likeness of Ruyter in one of the galleries. On one

side of the study, shut in by Napoleon's writing-table, he saw a miniature of William, Prince of Orange, given him by the King of the Netherlands. Coming out of the study by the opposite door he noticed some marble busts placed together in a certain degree of confusion. The first was that of France's implacable enemy, Chatham! One of the busts was turned towards the wall: Fox wondered, but did not ask, who it was; his guide, however, offered to disclose the mystery. It represented neither more nor less than Fox himself. He seemed surprised; but the incident is to us fraught with interest, and we learn with pleasure that the sculptor received a beautiful snuff-box as a recompense for his labours.

It was at about this time that Lord and Lady Holland were introduced to the great man. Lord Holland says that Napoleon had but little conversation either with himself or with Lady Holland; but that he was aware of the immense admiration the latter entertained for his genius. The admiration was reciprocal, and Napoleon evinced his gratitude by ordering that Lord and Lady Holland should be treated with every civility during their stay in France. At that time, too, he and Fox had an interesting conversation upon the subject

of the infernal machine, which he accused the English of having made; particularly designating Mr. Windham.

In 1814, after Napoleon had abdicated, Lady Holland caused to be conveyed to him at Elba messages of respect and sympathy, as also some papers he was anxious for.

As we already know, Lord Holland was very much against his being sent to St. Helena, and, after he had been sent there, violently opposed the Bill for the more effectually detaining in custody Napoleon Buonaparte.

On that occasion the following protest was entered in the Journals of the House of Lords:—

PROTEST AGAINST THE BILL FOR DETAINING
NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE.

“Dissentient;

“Because, without reference to the character or previous conduct of the person who is the object of the present bill, I disapprove of the measure which it sanctions and continues.

“To consign to distant exile and imprisonment a foreign and captive chief, who, after the abdication of his authority, relying on British generosity, had surrendered himself to us in preference to his other

enemies, is unworthy the magnanimity of a great country,—and the treaties by which, after his captivity, we bound ourselves to detain him in custody at the will of sovereigns to whom he had never surrendered himself, appear to me repugnant to the principles of equity, and utterly uncalled for by expedience or necessity.

“VASSALL HOLLAND.”¹

If Lord Holland had defended him, and was indignant at the course pursued by England towards him, Lady Holland, with her perfect hero-worship for him, used to minister practically to the alleviation of his sufferings, sending him out any new publications or other luxuries that she thought would be agreeable to him.

The two following letters, out of the MSS. in the British Museum, one from the Duke of Bedford to Lady Holland, and one from Lady Holland to Sir Hudson Lowe, can be appropriately placed here. Lady Holland's letter, indeed, as that of a clever, well-informed woman of the world, writing from England in 1820, is more than *Napoleonically* interesting :—

¹ Monday, April 8, 1816. Parliamentary Debates. Vol. xxxiii. p. 1020.

“ WOBURN ABBEY, *Jan^y 14, 1817.*

“ MY DEAR LADY HOLLAND,

“ As I understand you are about to send some things to St. Helena by the Conqueror, I have directed a parcel of Books to be sent to Holland House, which I request you will have the goodness to forward by the same opportunity to Sir Hudson Lowe, for Bonaparte, and I shall be happy if they can in any degree tend to relieve the tedium of his captivity—every thing that can be done to soften the rigours of it, is of course eagerly seized upon by a gallant and high-minded soldier like Sir Hudson ; still however, Books which may not be within reach in the Island cannot fail to be of some Consolation, and I hope he will accept these as a trifling testimony of the many civilities I received from various branches of his Family whilst I was in Italy. If you write to Sir Hudson Lowe, be good enough to offer my best compliments to him, he will perhaps recollect having met me whilst his carriage was repairing in a small village in the Tyrol.

“ Ever yours affectionately,

“ BEDFORD.”¹

¹ British Museum. Add. MS. 15,729, ff. 55, 56. Letters to Sir Hudson Lowe.

“HOLLAND HOUSE.

“*Saturday July 29, 1820.*

“DEAR SIR HUDSON,

“I have this day closed my accustomed packages for Your Island, and by L^d Bathurst's permission have sent them to his office; there are two cases only chiefly of Books, one contains a glass locket in which there is a portrait of the late Empress Josephine. It came from the Duchess of St. Leu. The list of Books I enclose, some are the suite of sets I sent upon former occasions. The whole was packed in my own room, and I can vouch on my honor that there is nothing *contraband*. The box of Sweetmeats are as usual the Neapolitan Mostaccioli, which are much relished by Y^r illustrious Captive. The newspapers will apprize you of the strange Revolution which has taken place at Naples. Some say it is an Austrian plot to get possession of that Kingdom again, others that it has been effected solely by the Clubs of the Carbonieri and that it will extend to the North of Italy and end in the expulsion of the Austrians from thence. Oxala! se fuesse. This however will be difficult as the Italian troops in their service have been most carefully removed into Hungary. Spain has in-

fectcd Portugal, and an explosion may be locked for any day in that Country. In the meantime we are not very comfortable here, this sad business of the Queen's has inflamed the publick mind to a most extraordinary degree of heat, the Rabble cry out for injured innocence, . . . The soldiers, especially those about London who are married, influenced by their Wives, for the Women are all *Queenites*, are tainted, and it is far from impossible that we may see a junction of mob and soldiery in her favor, for it is a singular fact that these persons cannot be made to understand the difference of Queen, and Queen Consort, and fancy it is no departure from their allegiance to prefer Queen to King, pretending *their* rights are the same. The danger is that mischievous and artful persons will take advantage of this feeling, and under the name of the Queen's cause effect an overthrow of the present Institutions for their own objects. I own for one that I am far from easy and wish the months of August and September safely over. The Duke of York is become extremely popular. He is often stopped in the Streets and huzza'd for appearing amongst them, which they contrast with the King's seclusion entirely, of himself from publick view,

which is unlucky for him as I am sure his manners would win, if he would show himself oftener. The imperious duty imposed upon the Peers of regular attendance on the 17th of August from 10 in the m^{rs} till 6 in the evening is very annoying, will be injurious to health, and destroys many plans of pleasure, all the Grouse Sportsmen are baffled; the Duke of Bedford, who had purchased a large tract of land and House in the Highlands, is disappointed for this Season. We had intended to make an excursion for some weeks into France, must I fear renounce the project. A propos of France some persons have been deterred from going there by the open language of the French, who have declared they shall detain every Englishman and German, if they get rid of the Bourbons, unless the Son of Napoleon is restored to Paris.

“I hope in a few weeks to send another case which will contain a book of great interest one I shall beg you to accept, and the other to forward to Longwood. It is the work of Belzoni the Italian traveller in Egypt, and also a little cadeau for Napoleon which I hope the King will be good enough to let me have for him, a copy of Sir Thomas Lawrence’s Sketch of this Son, done lately

at Vienna but this I am afraid from Sir Thomas's occupations I cannot get for some time.

"I hope the climate has not disagreed with your family, Lord Holland has suffered a good deal from gout, but latterly has enjoyed good health.

"Y^r obed^t humble Ser^t

"ELIZA. V. HOLLAND."¹

Napoleon, on his part, sent Lady Holland many things during his lifetime, and at his death a snuff-box was found, in which was a piece of paper bearing the following words:—"L'empereur Napoléon à Lady Holland, témoignage de satisfaction et d'estime."

This box had been presented to Napoleon by Pope Pius VI. at Tolentino, in February 1797. But it is not in the collection at Holland House, Lady Holland having left it to the British Museum, where the above-mentioned paper may still be seen with the original words, which neither have accents nor apostrophes.

Amongst the MSS. at Holland House we find the Emperor's legacy commented upon at some length by Lord Carlisle, who, having heard Lady Holland

¹ British Museum. Add. MS. 15,729, ff. 111—114. Letters to Sir Hudson Lowe.

was to have the box, with more impetuosity than tact gave vent to his feelings against Napoleon:—

“Lady, reject the gift, 'tis tinged with gore!
Those crimson spots a dreadful tale relate,
It has been grasp'd by an infernal power,
And by that hand—which seal'd young Enghien's fate.

“Lady—reject the gift, beneath its lid
Discord, and slaughter, and relentless war,
With every plague to wretched man, lie hid—
Let not these loose, to range the world afar:

“Say what congenial to his heart of stone
In thy soft bosom cou'd the Tyrant trace?
When does the Dove the Eagle's friendship own?
Or the Wolf hold the Lamb, in pure embrace?

“Think of that Pile¹ to Addison so dear,
Where Sully feasted; and where Rogers' song
Still adds sweet music to the perfum'd air,
And gently leads each grace and muse along:

“Pollute not then these scenes—the gift destroy:
'Twill scare the Dryads from that lovely shade,
With them will fly all rural peace and joy,
And screaming fiends their verdant haunts invade.

“That mystic Box hath magic power to raise
Spectres of Myriads slain, a ghastly band:
They'l vex thy slumbers, cloud thy sunny days,
Starting from Moscowa's snows, or Egypt's sand.

¹ Holland House.

“The warning Muse, no idle trifter deem ;
Plunge the curst mischief in wide Ocean’s flood ;
Or give it to our own Majestic stream,
The only stream—*he* could not dye with blood.”¹

But the snuff-box elicited other poetical effusions besides those of Lord Carlisle, and at the time more consonant with Lady Holland’s feelings. One is from Tom’ Moore :—

“Gift of the Hero, on his dying day
To her, whose pity watch’d for ever nigh.
Oh! cou’d he see the proud, the happy ray
This relic lights up in her generous eye,
Sighing, he’d feel how easy ’tis to pay
A friendship,—all his Kingdom cou’d not buy.”²

The following, by an unknown hand, can also find their place here, and serving as a conclusion to the subject of Napoleon will also conclude our notice of the room where mementoes of him are so happily placed :—

“Many there are who, when his star was high,
Were raised to greatness by Napoleon’s power,
Yet few of all the throng have breathed a sigh
Fearless and grateful in his darker hour.

“Some too there are, who plucking wreaths of fame
In open battle fought against his yoke,
And yet when Fortune smiled upon their claim
No generous spark in victor’s breasts awoke.

¹ Holland House MSS.

² Ibid.

“But thou, unknown to him by love or hate,
Hast filled the place of Victor and of friend;
When time has buried long the flatterer's fate,
Thy name with his last days and praise shall blend.”¹

¹ Holland House MSS.





CHAPTER XXV.

THE MINIATURE ROOM.

DURING Sheridan's last illness the medical attendants asked him if he had ever undergone an operation, and his answer was, "Never, except when sitting for my picture, or having my hair cut."¹

But Sheridan lived in the days of miniature painting, and now the art is fast dying out beneath that modern telegraph of portraiture, photography. The art of miniature painting may now, indeed, be called one of the past. Nor should we lament its sad death by a sunstroke. Rather let us think of its brilliant birth amid old illuminations, and forget the degradation of its end in the splendour of its origin.

¹ Rogers's Table Talk. (Dyce.)

The etymology of miniature is from *minium*, a red lead. In this *minium* were traced letters, examples of which are found in the MSS. of the fifteenth century. The chief feature in miniature painting is the stippling; the surface most frequently used is ivory; and amongst miniaturists, one of the most famous is O.D. da Gobbio, of the thirteenth century.¹ Our present business is, however, with some miniaturists of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, specimens of whose works are in the Miniature Room at Holland House.

We shall begin by Samuel Cooper, sometimes called Little Van Dyck, who lived from 1609 till 1672. He was born in London, and, pupil as well as nephew of Hoskins, was pre-eminent in miniature art, from the beauty of his tints and his graceful treatment of the hair. His works are prized in France and Italy, and his miniatures are commonly signed with his cypher. By him in the MINIATURE ROOM we have certainly one miniature of Charles II.; and there is, also in the same

¹ Really Oderisi da Gubbio, of Gubbio, in the duchy of Urbino. He belonged to Cimabue's school, and has been immortalized by Dante:—

“ Oh, dissi lui, non se' tu Oderisi,
 L' onor d' Agobbio, e l' onor di quell' arte,
 Ch' alluminare è chiamata in Parisi ?”

Purgatorio, xi. 79--81.

room, another of the same King, supposed to be by the same artist.

Then there is a miniature of Mr. Wyndham by Samuel Shelley, who was born in Whitechapel, was almost self-educated, and founded his art upon Reynolds; first exhibiting miniature portraits at the Royal Academy in 1774, and afterwards becoming a constant contributor. His works show much taste and originality, and he treated, in miniature, both historical and poetical subjects. He died in 1808.

By Samuel Collins, who was a miniature painter of great excellence, in the reign of George III., we have Lady Caroline Fox.

The next artist we would mention is Richard Cosway, R.A., who was born at Tiverton in Devonshire (1741), and died in London (1821). He was eminent in water-colour miniatures as well as in oils, and he would appear to have aimed, not altogether unsuccessfully, at Correggio's manner. Vain, eccentric, and believing himself inspired, he became an object of satire. But he was noticed by the Prince of Wales, whom he painted *as a gentleman, and not as a coxcomb or an actor*. By him we have:—

Lord Holland.

Lady Holland.

Hon. Miss Fox, and

Charles Ellis, Esq.

Maria Cosway was Richard's wife. Her maiden name was Hadfield, and she painted with talent small subject-pictures as well as miniatures. At one time she tried to shine in society, which need not have been difficult to her, for she was handsome. But in 1804 she left the world, and became the Superioress of a convent at Lyons. By her, in the Miniature Room, we have a small oil portrait of Lady Affleck.

Andrew Plimer, the miniature painter, who died in 1837, was a native of Bridgewater. He exhibited at the Royal Academy, in 1786, some miniatures, chiefly in character. There is by him, in the Miniature Room, at least *one* miniature of C. J. Fox.

By Mrs. Mee, who exhibited towards the end of the last century, there is Lady Elizabeth Forster (afterwards Duchess of Devonshire). It was this Duchess of Devonshire who was the friend of Madame de Staël and an acquaintance of Gibbon; and who at Rome caused various editions of remarkable works to be printed. She died of fever when she was about having an edition made of Dante.

By Francis Cotes, R.A., there is a miniature of Lady Sarah Lennox.

According to the manner of Stump, who exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1784-5, is:

The Right Hon. John Hookham Frere.

By Thorburn, the present Lady Holland.

By Duke Casarano at Naples, copied from a miniature of Mr. Temple's: Lord Palmerston.

The rest of the miniatures are almost all by artists unknown, or whose names we have not verified satisfactorily to ourselves.

The Hon. T. Pelham, afterwards the second Lord Pelham.

Lord H. Spencer.

Florentius Vassall.

The Duchess of Devonshire, the witty and accomplished beauty, whose face could not but secure an artist's willing labours. She was, however, Fox's famous political partisan;¹ and it is therefore specially fitting that her picture should adorn the walls of Holland House.

Prince Augustus, in Highland dress.

The Countess of Bessborough,

Lord Holland.

Lord Wycombe.

Lope de Vega.

Francis, fifth Duke of Bedford.

¹ See Vol. I. p. 92.

Lady Louisa Conolly, sister of the first Lady Holland.

La Duchesse de Polignac.

Bartholomew Frere.

Lady Sheffield.

Lady Holland.

La Comtesse Scavronski.

Lord Townsend. This is probably the Lord Townsend who quarrelled with the Duke of Cumberland, and about whom there is a rather good anecdote. 'One of the Duke's friends, seeing him at a review where he was not exactly wanted, said: "How is it that you honour us with your presence to-day? I suppose you are merely a spectator?" To which Lord Townsend answered: "And why may one not come here as a *Spectator*, Sir, as well as a *Tatler*?"'¹

Besides the miniatures in this room, we would mention two lovely groups by Pinelli, and two reliefs, one of Frederick the Great, King of Prussia, and one of Henry, Prince of Prussia, the clever warrior, who was offered the crown of Poland, and who contributed so much to Frederick's success in the Seven Years' War.

¹ J. H. Jesse : George Selwyn and his Contemporaries.

The MINIATURE ROOM is hung with yellow, and, in accordance with its name, it is quite little—12 feet long, 9 feet wide, and $7\frac{1}{4}$ feet high—small and low. Its two doors communicate, one with the Gilt Room and one with the Yellow Drawing Room, and it forms a strikingly diminutive episode on the first floor.¹

For much information respecting the artists mentioned in this chapter we are indebted to Mr. Samuel Redgrave's List of the artists who practised in miniature, and whose works were exhibited on loan at the South Kensington Museum (June 1865).





CHAPTER XXVI.

LADY HOLLAND'S PRIVATE ROOMS AND THE BLUE ROOM.

"HOLLAND HOUSE on fire!" Such was the cry which, on the 10th of January, 1871, struck horror into our breasts. Could it be true? Was the dear old house, with all its associations, with its thousand precious relics of art and history, really going to disappear from the face of the earth? Should we have to seek with a trembling hand for the canvas over which Sir Joshua's brush had passed, or feverishly to try and decipher the charred and crumbling fragments of Petrarch's autograph? Would Holland House in a few hours be reduced to blackened walls, where the owl might build its nest undisturbed, and the silence of lifelessness forbid even the memory of gay laughter?

Or worse : would a new building be raised where the old one had stood, without a trace of the past, without the sign of age upon its red bricks ? It is a law, we know it well, that we are apt not to realize the intensity of our love until we think we are about to be separated from the loved object. And thus it was that we only learned how dearly we cared for the old house when telegram after telegram (for we were away at the time) gave us to taste the bitter cup of suspense.

But Providence arrested the flames in their destroying course. Lady Holland's Sitting Room alone was the scene of actual destruction. True, it was enough that it should be so. But the centre of the house was saved ; and the Library also, thank Heaven, stands in its place still unharmed. It was sad, however, to think of the pretty room, of Lady Holland's Sitting Room, being the victim to a conflagration.

As we knew the room then, it was the very perfection of a lady's boudoir. Without containing any particularly conspicuous historical memento, it was adorned in the most perfect taste. A pleasing medley there was of good china, of old snuff-boxes, and of pretty drawings. It was as it should be. The eye rested on nothing but what could charm it, and the temptation was irresistible to do as children are

wont to do—look with their hands. Oh! the doubtful pleasure, and *oh!* the anxiety, of holding 'twixt finger and thumb a lovely bit of Dresden or Saxon china!

The Chimney-piece was a worthy companion of those already mentioned in Holland House. Painted in white and gold, and adorned with medallions in neutral tint, it was attractively furnished with china groups and vases.

And here, as in other parts of Holland House, the master hand of Watts had left its mark. But alas! slowly, surely, tenaciously, rapaciously, the murderous element defaced a beautiful portrait by him of the late Lord Holland, and also an excellent one he had made of the Duc d'Aumale. True, the artist himself, aided by two others scarcely less well or less deservedly known, Mr. Leighton and Mr. Prinsep, rushed to the spot in the hope of saving what to lovers of art must be dear. True, they did not spare themselves, and they rescued a great deal—even the remnants of Lord Holland's and the Duc d'Aumale's portraits. But on these the destroying heat had already done sad work; and even Mr. Watts's kind efforts at restoration have not made the portraits wholly what they once were.

Entering Lady Holland's Sitting Room at present, people would stare and say, "Why here? There is

no sign of destruction ! What more pretty, what more calm, than this nest of grace and art ?” We alone who knew and loved each *brimborion* can go with a sad heart to where each one used to lie ; and whether we find the place vacant, or filled even by a worthy substitute, we still sigh for what is gone.

LADY HOLLAND’S PRIVATE ROOMS occupy the entire east side of the house, on the first floor (over the Entresol) ; and, besides the Sitting Room, consist of a Boudoir, Dressing Room, and Bed Room.

We will conclude this chapter by briefly mentioning some of the works of art the rooms contain :

In the SITTING ROOM are pictures of Mr. Binda, Dr. Playfair, and three spaniels. The originals were by Watts. Since the fire, the originals are represented only by copies.

Two heads of girls, by Landseer.

Gilt corner *étagères*, originally painted by Watts, restored since the fire.

A beautiful collection of fans ; one of these is historically interesting, having been painted by a daughter of George III. before the union of Ireland with England. It bears the rose and the thistle, but no shamrock ; and the motto, “ Health is restored to ONE, happiness to millions,” seems to indicate the occasion for which it was painted.

Lastly, the portraits of the Duc d'Aumale and Lord Holland, already mentioned as destroyed by the fire, and restored by the original artist, Watts. It is this portrait of Lord Holland which forms the frontispiece to the present volume.

In the BOUDOIR we note the picture of Lady Holland, by Watts; but upon this the reader has doubtless already formed an opinion; for, wishing to show our appreciation, we have placed the engraving of it in the beginning of our work.

In the DRESSING ROOM are water-colours by Cronach.

And in the BED-ROOM, besides some more water-colours by Cronach, are a portrait of the late Lord Holland by Leslie, and a portrait of Lady Coventry, copied from the original of Sir Thomas Lawrence.



The BLUE ROOM, near Lady Holland's Bed Room, may here be mentioned. It was the late Lord Holland's room, and also the room where the third Lord Holland died. But he died on his bed, and that story is a fabrication which says that shortly before his death he called on Lord Lansdowne with the following epitaph he had composed for himself, alluding to his having water on the chest:—"Here lies Henry Vassall Fox, Lord Holland, &c., who was drowned while sitting in his elbow-chair."

The thoughts connected with this room would be endless. We will confine ourselves to the barest of facts, and simply notice a few fine, or pretty, pictures on the walls.

A very large Callot: "The Fair of Impruneta." Let who will dispute the originality of this picture, we will not.

An excellent Hoppner: Seville, 1809.

Two large views of Florence by Patch: one of the Piazza del Gran Duca, and one of the Ponte alle Grazie—different indeed from what we saw by Patch downstairs,¹ but, as they are withal wonderfully executed, they prove the versatility of his genius.

¹ Vol. I. p. 263.

But the picture in this room which captivates us most is the subject of our tail-piece. A little fair-haired girl, with a clever, half-roguish, half-innocent face, a poke-bonnet on her head, a song in her hands, and *Holland House in the background!*

The present Lady Holland, hearing of the picture, bought it; but hitherto her efforts to find the name of the artist have been unsuccessful. Not so is the picture. Let it speak for itself.





CHAPTER XXVII.

LIBRARY (BOOKS).

THE LIBRARY is not so much that of a bibliophile or book collector as that of a statesman and of a literary man. It is, however, a fine collection, bearing evidences of the collector's good taste, and consisting of more than ten thousand volumes. The books are in remarkably good condition, and most of them well bound.

The historical and literary departments, as might be expected, are those best represented; there is also a considerable number of books relating to English topography.

We are not going to give a catalogue, and therefore, without entering into details, shall simply notice

a few peculiarly interesting features of the Library. It contains a great number of privately printed works, many being presentation copies, with autograph letters or inscriptions by the donors;—a magnificent collection of works printed on large paper and bound in old red morocco;—a large collection of the most important historical works relating to Italy, Portugal, and France;—a valuable collection of Spanish literature, a memento of the taste already mentioned of the third Lord Holland;—a superb collection of Elzevirs;—a very fine collection of the Greek and Latin classics of the Variorum editions;—a complete set of the Delphine editions, and many specimens of the Baskerville, Foulis, Bodoni, Barbou, and other select editions, which we need not here particularize;—several specimens of early printing,—and a very extensive collection of historical tracts and pamphlets.

A point of detail peculiarly interesting to every admirer of Charles James Fox, and certainly not without interest to the general reader, is a small collection brought together by the third Lord Holland, of various copies of Charles James Fox's "James II.," which had belonged to distinguished people; amongst whom may be mentioned Sir James Mackintosh, Sir Philip Francis, Charles Edward

Jerningham, Samuel Rogers, and General Fitzpatrick. Some of these copies contain MS. notes, the general tenor of which is very favourable. For instance, Sir Philip Francis wrote in his copy :—

“The Spirit of Freedom and Detestation of Tyranny, which prevail thro’ this Fragment, not only reconcile me to its minor Faults, but make me regret deeply that the Work, intended by Mr. Fox, was not completed on its own plan.”

Altogether, on referring to the contemporary verdict of great men, one feels surprised that the book is now so little known.

There is a fine copy of Dugdale’s *Monasticon Anglicanum*; 1st edition; London, 1645—1672; in 3. vols. folio; large margin, and fine proofs of the plates. A note in the handwriting of the third Lord Holland states that it was bought at Rome in 1815.

Davila, *Historia delle Guerre civili di Francia*; Parigi, 1644; 2 vols. folio, extra large paper, bound in old citron morocco, with the arms of Queen Christina of Sweden. On the title-page of the first volume there is the following note :—

“Présenté à sa Majesté la Reine de Suède par monsieur l’Eminentissime Cardinal Mazarinj premier ministre du Roy très-Chrétien le 2 Janvier 1647.”

Wakefield's Lucretius ; London, 1796 ; 3 vols. folio, in red morocco, on large paper, with a sheet of MS. notes by the third Lord Holland.

Homer's Works : the Grenville edition ; 4 vols. 4to, extra large paper, with the portrait of Thomas Grenville, and the following inscription on the fly-leaf :—
 “ William Lord Grenville and Thomas Grenville have placed this book in the Library of Holland House in token of their cordial friendship and regard for Henry Lord Holland. 22d January 1829. T.G.”

Homeri Opera, græce. Florentiæ, sumptibus Bernardi et Nerii Nerliorum, 1488. 2 vols. folio, old red morocco, gilt edges. A beautiful copy of this *first* and rare edition of Homer's works, edited by Demetrius Chalcondyla, of Athens, with the assistance of Demetrius, of Candia, and of Giovanni Accioli, of Florence, at the expense of the brothers *Nerli*, at a time when the great Florentine, we ought to say Italian, families, not yet lulled by political despotism into the *dolce far niente*, encouraged and cultivated learning.

Le Pastissier François, Amsterdam, Elzevier, 1655. A very fine clean copy, with a beautiful pen-and-ink fac-simile of the frontispiece.

The following precious copy of the first edition of Camoens' Lusiadas :—

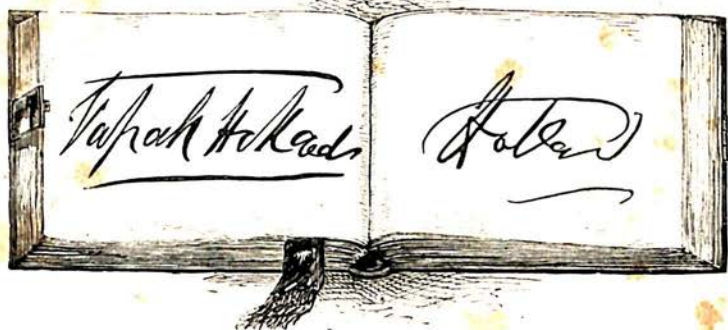
Os Lvsiasdas de Luis de Camoões. Com privilegio real. Impressos em Lisboa, com licença de sancta Inquisição, et de Ordinario: em casa de Antonio Gõçalvez, Impressor, 1572; small 4to. On the title-page: "De el convento de Guadalcazara de Carmelita descalzos." On the reverse there is a MS. memorandum by Fray Joseph Indio, which is embodied in the following note by John Hookham Frere on the reverse of the fly-leaf:—

"This book was brought to me accidentally at Seville. The reverse of the title-page contains the attestation of an ocular witness to the circumstance of Camoens' death, (a circumstance which I did not discover till the book was in my possession):—Que cosa mas lastimosa que ver un tan gran ingenio mal logrado yo lo vi morir en un hospital en Lisboa sin tener una savana con que cubrirse, despues de aver triunfado en la India Oriental y de aver navegado 5500 leguas por mar y que aviso tan grande para los que de noche y de dia se causan estudiando sin provecho como lo avañã en ordir telas para coger moscas.—At the bottom of the title, in the same hand, is:—Miseremini mei saltem vos amici mei. The writer is probably the same Fray Joseph Indio, who seems to have written it as a correction of some erroneous appellation in the note at the bottom

of the page, which contains the Imprimatur.—J. H. Frere.”

On the right of the fly-leaf:—“Given to me by Rt. Hon. J. H. Frere, November 1812. Vⁿ. Holland.”





CHAPTER XXVIII.

SOME OF THE MSS. AND AUTOGRAPHS IN HOLLAND HOUSE.

IN the present day, when even autographs of no interest are carefully collected, we may be excused for devoting a chapter to the collection in Holland House.

The first MS. book we find, lying upon a library table, offers us an inexhaustible mine of reflections and queries. It is a register kept between the years 1799 and 1840, of books lent out of the Library, and of their borrowers. Most of the names are in the borrowers' handwriting, and many of them are familiar to us as having formed part of the *salon* of the third Lord Holland.

If we may judge of people by the company they keep, we may try to judge of them by the books they read : and in this list, comparing the names with the volumes entered against them, it is interesting to watch how often the union throws an expected light upon the man, and how often it reveals him in a light completely new.

We submit without comment the following specimens of combinations :—

Lord Morpeth chose :

Esprit des journaux.

Thornton's Turkey.

Barrington on Statutes.

Stuart's Constitution of Scotland.

Howell's State Trials. Vol. xxiii.

Brougham :

Monarchie Prussienne. Vols. vi. and vii.

Annual Register. 1801-2-3. Dodsley's.

Thornton's Turkey.

Thücydides Dukeri.

Henry Petty, afterwards third Lord Lansdowne :

Leonora.

Colonel Hutchinson's Memoirs.

O'Meara :

(Œuvres de Prevost.

Frere :

Coronacion de Don Baltazar.

Aristophanes.

Lewis :

Davila.

Clarke's Travels.

Journal de Collé.

Sense and Sensibility.

Miss Graham's Indian Tour.

Lauderdale :

Parliamentary Account for 1808.

D'Ewes' Journal.

Kemble :

Plays of Lope de Vega.

Tiraboschi.

Comedias de Cañizares y Zamora.

Grattan :

Townshend's Travels in Hungary.

Bentham :

Derecho de Castilla.

Ordenanzas, Cedula.

Nueva Recopilacion.

Southey :

Quintana's Pelago.

Varga's Pelago.

Cronica del Rey Don Rodrigo.

Madame de Staël:

Coxe's Sir Robert Walpole, 4to. Vol. i.

Sir James Mackintosh:

Volume of English Plays.

Sismondi: Littérature du Midi de l'Europe.

2 MS. vols. of the House of Stuart's Correspondence.

Vol. 1, Barillon.

Vol. 2, D'Avaux.

Neal's Puritans.

Grey against Neal. Vols. i. and ii.

Madox against Neal.

Historical Tracts.

Anglia Sacra. Vol. ii.

Kennet's History of England. Vol. ii.

Edinburgh Review. Vol. xxxiv.

Hallam:

Fueros de Aragon.

Marina Sobre las Cortes.

Dupin:

Brougham's Colonial Policy.

Jeffrey:

Pamphlets, vol. lv., containing Alcock's Trial.

Wilkie:

Pamphlets. Vol. lviii.

Spanish Pamphlets.

Pliny's Hist. Nat.

Dr. McCrie :

Pellicer Ensayo de una Bibliotheca de traductores Españoles.

Henry Luttrell :

Sallust. "

Blanco White :

Pamphlets on Slave Trade.

Annales de Sevilla.

Eleven Spanish Pamphlets of 1821.

Dumont :

Moore's Italy.

Labouchere :

Fables of the Bees.

Bobus Smith :

Whitaker's Parish of Whalley.

Mrs. Grote :

.Causes Célèbres.

Ugo Foscolo. . . .

But here we must break off from simple enumeration: by him hangs a tale. His name is first entered as having borrowed an Oxford Pindar, in 1818, and "returned" is put against it.

But later on in the Register occurs a note in the third Lord Holland's handwriting, as follows:—
“N.B. 1822. The three MS. letters of Petrarch were lent to Mr. Foscolo in the summer of 1821. When they are deposited again in their place in the Library, a note should be entered to prevent mistakes.” The note *was* entered (and in the same handwriting), separated in space from its predecessor by a perpendicular flourish, and in time by the lapse of a year. It is to this effect: “They were returned and deposited in the drawers of the Library table in 1823.”

The above two notes, at first sight, do not seem very interesting; but a third note, appended to a fac-simile from these letters in Ugo Foscolo's “Essays on Petrarch,” (ed. 1823,) supplies a link which converts the whole into quite a little detective romance; the note runs thus:—

“*The original letters of Petrarch in MS, from which the above plates were taken, have been lost or mislaid. They were and are still the property of the R^t Hon. Lord Holland. Any person meeting with them who will deliver them to Mr. Murray, Albemarle Street, or to B. Currey, Esq^r, N^o 24, Great George Street, Westminster, will be suitably rewarded.*”

We have heard of the adventures of a guinea, we have heard of the poem on a knitting-needle; might not the little sketch traced in those three notes, with very little imagination, be amplified into the novel of an autograph? And although dates are generally dry elements, the dates of these notes form a loom in which to weave the fabric of a most interesting episode.

The first note, telling us how and when the autographs originally left the house, puts us on the scent that something was wrong; and, being in 1822, lets us know at what period the authorities themselves became uneasy.

The second note, that published in Ugo Foscolo's book, ed. 1823, converts our suspicion into a certainty, and reveals the matter in a serious light. The autographs have been missing a year—will they ever come back?

The third note, also in 1823, but of course later, puts us out of suspense, and lands the treasures for us under the parental roof of a library drawer in Holland House, where, in darkness and beneath lock and key, they expiate, under a more strict custody, their borrower's carelessness.

The three notes, then, tell their tale, and the absence of any other entry by Ugo Foscolo furnishes

an eloquent conclusion : he never borrowed again from Holland House—a conclusion brought about by caution cultivated, not by friendship diminished.

We had made our conclusion, and were satisfied that the history should remain a mystery, when we stumbled upon two letters ; one, an original, from Ugo Foscolo himself to the third Lord Holland, and one, a copy, from the third Lord Holland to the Abbé Meneghelli. These supplied links in the history, and made the mystery as clear as daylight.

We begin by giving Ugo Foscolo's letter. From the imperfect French, so exceptional with him, it would seem that on this occasion he wrote in a great hurry.

“ REGENT'S PARK, *Mercredi*.

“ MILORD,

“ Je n'ai fourni à Mr. Jullien, de Paris, aucune *description*, mais entre plusieurs choses dont je l'ai chargé la veille de son départ, j'ai inséré dans un memorandum à peu-près les mots suivants.

“ “ Et puisque Mr. Jullien veut bien donner dans la *Revue Encyclopédique* un analyse des *Essais sur Pétrarque*, je le prie de faire mention particulière des *Appendix*, et s'arrêter aux lettres de Pétrarque précédées par leurs *fac-simile* dans le livre, et dont les originaux se conservoient dans la Bibliothèque de

Lord Holland. Ces originaux précieux il eut la bonté de me les prêter, et j'eus le malheur et la sottise de les égarer, et sans pouvoir me faire une idée de la manière dont ils ont disparu de chez moi. J'ai seulement des légers soupçons qu'ils aient été volé par un individu qui connaissait le prix que l'on pouvait en tirer en les vendant à des amateurs ; mais comme il me semble très-improbable que l'on puisse les vendre ou acheter ici, où on les a imprimés et on va les publier dans un ouvrage avec le nom du propriétaire et un *fac-simile*, je dois conjecturer que la vente et l'achat pourraient avoir lieu en France. Je regarderai donc comme une faveur si Mr. Jullien rendra les circonstances de la perte de ces papiers, et prévendra les amateurs d'anciens manuscrits, qu'en achetant des lettres italiennes de Pétrarque, ils risquent d'être les complices du vol des originaux appartenant à la Bibliothèque de Lord Holland.'

" Je ne puis attendre que Mr. Jullien en eut parlé, avant que les Essais lui arrivent ; ils sont déjà imprimés et prêts d'être mis en vente. Maintenant l'on retardera pendant huit ou dix jours afin que, d'après vos désirs, je trouve le moyen d'ajouter dans l'édition un avertissement sur la perte des manuscrits.

" Pour la description, Milord, elle se trouve presque complète dans le *fac-simile*, et dans les lettres itali-

enues que j'ai imprimé avec la même interpunction, et même avec les solécismes de l'original. Mais pour donner plus de renseignements l'on peut ajouter que les lettres étaient trois en nombre, deux italiennes telles qu'elles sont imprimées ; et une latine plus courte, et dont les premières lignes ont été aussi ajoutées au *fac-simile*. Le papier en est oblong, de la longueur de huit ou neuf pouces, et de la largeur de cinq ou six (mais peut-être je me fie trop dans ma mémoire, à l'égard des dimensions). Mais je me souviens exactement de la couleur du papier. Il était brun, et d'une teinte que l'on peut attribuer autant à l'âge qu'à la matière dont le papier était fait ; il était épais, et l'encre en était presque jaune, et j'ai en effet tâché de faire imprimer le *fac-simile* avec de l'encre de la même couleur.

“Voici, Milord, la description que, traduite en Anglais, pourrait être publiée dans tous les journaux que vous jugerez plus à propos ; et la description sera plus aisément comprise par tous ceux qui examineront dans les Essais publiés les lettres imprimées en entier, et le *fac-simile* à leur côté.

“Il ne me reste que de vous témoigner ma reconnaissance pour la manière dont vous avez tâché de soulager mon affliction. Votre lettre, Milord, ajoute

à mon respect, et à mon estime pour vous ; mais il n'y aura que le recouvrement des manuscrits qui pourra jamais me consoler.

“ J'ai l'honneur d'être,

“ Milord,

“ Votre très obéissant reconnaissant serviteur,

“ UGO FOSCOLO.”

If after the foregoing Ugo Foscolo required any defence, it might be found in what Lord Holland says to the Abbé Meneghelli :—

“ HOLLAND HOUSE, 16 *Sept.* 1824.

“ SIR,

“ Absence and accident prevented my acknowledging the receipt of your letter and publication transmitted to me by Lady Elizth Fielding. I am now reminded of my negligence, for which I beg leave to apologize, by the arrival of two other copies, one for myself and the other for Mr. Ugo Foscolo. I have forwarded the last to its direction.

“ Accept, Sir, in the first place my thanks for the attention shown me by this communication, and for the civil manner in which you have mentioned my name in the course of your work.

“ Having thus acknowledged your politeness, I hope you will not deem me deficient in that

quality if I venture, in justice to Mr. Foscolo, to set you right in two particulars where an imperfect knowledge of the facts seems to have led you to very erroneous conclusions.

“The first relates to the manner in which the fac-similes of Petrarch’s letters found their way into Mr. Foscolo’s valuable Essay on that poet. It is true that he printed them from MSS. purporting to be original letters in the handwriting of Petrarch, in my possession.

“But in your private letter to me, you seem to apprehend from that circumstance that Mr. Foscolo is responsible for their authenticity; that he either procured them for me, or persuaded me that they were genuine, and that if not genuine they must have been recently forged by others to impose upon him and me, or by him to impose upon the publick. All this is quite incorrect.

“The MSS. have been in my possession more than twenty years; I and others more competent to form a judgment on such matters than myself have always considered them as authentick letters of Petrarch, long before Mr. Foscolo saw them, and long before I was acquainted with that very learned and eminent man. I purchased them in October 1803, together with some original letters of Sannazarius and

Pontanus, at Madrid, of Dⁿ Ysidro del Olmo, a gentleman of respectable character who had spent many years in collecting MSS. and who assured me that he had long possessed and valued as originals the three letters of Petrarch, *one* in Latin and *two* in Italian, which he then sold to me, and from which Mr. Foscolo printed the fac-similes. Dⁿ Ysidro, I should add, sold me many other MSS. which are undoubted originals, and his collection and conversation proved him to be a man of some judgment and research in such matters. It follows from this statement, that if there has been any deception between Mr. Foscolo and myself, I must have deceived Mr. Foscolo, not Mr. Foscolo me, for I shewed him the letters with a strong assurance of my conviction (a conviction still unshaken) that they were in the handwriting of Petrarch. If they are spurious, they must have been forged long before Mr. Foscolo could have thought of writing essays on Petrarch, they must have been forged without any view to publication, for to my knowledge they have been preserved by two possessors of them many years unpublished, and they must have been forged in a country where few persons conversant with early Italian literature resided, and where there was no

ready sale of such specimens of your early classical writers.

“The other point relates to the fate of the MSS. since they were communicated to Mr. Foscolo. You are pleased to assert in your pamphlet (p. 39) that the letters *exist no longer*, and you ground your assertion on an incident with the particulars of which you are manifestly unacquainted, and concerning which you never enquired either of Mr. Foscolo or myself. The real state of the case on which you are so imperfectly informed, and from which you have drawn such wrong inferences, was as follows.

“Mr. Foscolo, soon after borrowing the MSS. and printing the fac-similes from them, changed his lodgings in London. In the removal of his effects they were mislaid. He felt the loss more than the value of the papers could justify, and infinitely more than I could have wished, who was in a great measure consoled by the reflection that his publication and fac-similes had secured to the commonwealth of letters any little advantage that could be derived from the originals. In his anxiety he printed that advertisement from which you, Sir, have drawn so erroneous and, I must add, so hasty a conclusion. Had you done him or me the honour

of enquiring about the ultimate fate of the MSS before you asserted in print that *they did not exist*, and insinuated from that assumed fact that Mr. Foscolo knew they would not bear inspection, we should have apprized you that they were shortly afterwards found between the leaves of a folio book and restored to me, and I should have added that you, or any person deputed by you, were at full liberty to examine them. They are now before me, and whether they be the genuine letters of Petrarch, or not, I can safely affirm upon my honour that they are the same that I purchased as such in October 1803.

“I am, Sir, fully disposed to give you credit for being led into these mistakes by false appearances, but in critical as well as judicial enquiries it has long been an established maxim that it is unsafe, not to say rash, to trust entirely to circumstantial evidence, especially when better can with a little diligence be obtained.

“How far such a canon of criticism or any part of it would invalidate your argument on the date of the letters and the place of residence of Jacopo Colonna at any given day near 500 years ago, I do not pretend to determine. Your reasoning, I must acknowledge, is to my mind very inconclu-

sive, and do not think me uncivil if I frankly add that your authority on such a question carries with it less weight in consequence of the readiness with which you have fallen into error about the circumstances and fate of these very Manuscripts since I have known them.

“You will, I am sure, be good enough to excuse me for writing to you on a subject which required precision in my own language, and you will be just enough to allow me, in a question involving the literary character of Mr. Foscolo, to communicate my correspondence to that Gentleman, with full permission to shew or to publish it.

“I am, Sir,

“Your obedient humble servant,

“VASSALL HOLLAND.”

We give the fac-simile of one of these letters, the Latin one, which was not published *in extenso*, by Ugo Foscolo, in his Essay.

There are also nine autograph letters by Jacopo Sannazaro, from September 1517 to April 1521, all in Italian. Some of them are signed with his assumed poetical name, “Syncerus.”

A fac-simile of one of them will be found following that of Petrarch's letter.

Praestantissimè Willhelme felicitatem - Equid bene Deus, quid tam diuturnum sibi, unte, se
 lentium, quid isthic agas, nun bene ualeas proferre me lateas, Verum bene ualeas Te uis;
 rem: Ecce aliquando mihi aperta fici exposto. Iamc F: tibi alias inuicidissimus memoria
 exidit. Cam potes scibe. Animum iommunicatione aliena amicitia. Anno praestantiam tuam
 Abque sponte, magis praecedentibus meritis. Erit pende tua humanitas, qua commendabi:
 lipos, efficit ut Te diutissimo amote prosequar. Et p. Praeterea nunquam felicis amor
 parum, aut uenissimè addere potest iobus tuis. Tibi, camen eue laudi a ualidissimè. qua:
 licetiam, isthic imphiatas sis Valerudinem se uase iudeas, nec ad me, aliquando, nisi
 uebio, licetias dare pretermitas. Si Teum et benepissimus mihi, perichus so: Ecce adus
 Patius tuis, illum quos nominato saluic iubeas. Regret humanissimos tuis meris, opo:
 ma sendia, ingenium, praecipuam, in me beneuolentiam ipsi, plurimam afficere. Ambobus diu:
 tissimam possitatem precor. Vale, & Praeterea tui Amantissimi ne sis immemor. Aut siene
 III Idus Maii M. CCCXL,

F. Petrus

8

Molto Madam^{re} S. Ala lra di v.s. fare succinta risposta, come par-
 sona da chi p' già di questi S. le matrici son innestate,
 questa corte. Da quel dorchord nò haurero cosa alcuna
 domanda di aiuto. il mro Catto. credo si sia dimenticato
 hauer questo regno qui. Noi dorchord siamo come nò
 pensassimo hauer ^{no} S. Justa la diligenza e, in far et
 il p'trone nro nò possa venir al bagin ad curia.
 dno lo p'doni ad chi va portando questi scrupoli. Da
 p' v.s. le mdr da mid p'te ad la sua ^{ffm} et scappi
 et mi p'te mille anni, hauer quel sombrero promesso
 sin da fincid. Accomandomij ad v.s. Napoli m
 decembris 1418

Syncerus mus

Next in place, though perhaps foremost in interest, we mention a MS. in the handwriting of Girolamo Savonarola!

On the fly-leaf:—

“Exp^o. super x. Psalmos. ex. Psal. graduum. Sermones xviii sup. Eplam Johannis primam. De morte. Sup. Ecclesiastem. Opuscula hæc omnia fratris Hieronymi Savonarolæ prophetæ et martyris ejus propria manu scripta sunt.”

The handwriting is wonderfully clear, though wonderfully small.

It is in its original old olive morocco binding, in a very good state of preservation. Inside the binding are the words “Hic liber est Hieronymi Benivenij ciuis florentinj, habitus a germano suo Mag^o Dominico Benivenio.”

And now from Italy let us pass into Spain. The next MS. that attracts our attention is a large folio volume, entitled “Dialogo de Florida Blanca y Campomanes, 1788.—Confesion de Florida Blanca,” etc.

This MS. is rendered particularly interesting by the following note by the third Lord Holland at the beginning:—

“The following paper was written (it is supposed) by the Marquis of Manca and the banker Salucci.

They were accordingly apprehended. Salucci escaped from prison and retired to his native country, Italy. Manca was exposed to the resentment of Florida Blanca, who persecuted him with unrelenting severity, and exerted his private influence with the judges to procure his formal condemnation.

“The Queen, finding Florida Blanca averse to the further promotion of her favourite Godoy, resolved to ruin him, and had recourse to various expedients for alienating her husband from a Minister whom his Father’s dying injunctions had recommended. His conduct in Manca’s affair was made use of with success ; and the King having read the documents which proved the Minister’s persecuting temper and iniquitous interference with the courts of justice, the Queen availed herself of the indignation such a perusal most justly excited. Florida Blanca was deprived of his employments and arrested, and his papers, even to his love-letters and private accounts, put into the hands of his enemy, Manca, to collect charges against his administration, and to aggravate to the utmost the defects of his character. When, however, Godoy was exalted, the real object of these measures was attained. Manca was neglected and discouraged, the memorials against the ex-minister were suppressed, and the process instituted against

him discontinued. Manca either from actual orders or from pique and prudence retired from Court, and has lived ever since at Burgos, unemployed but unmolested. He is a man of considerable talents, wit and experience, having been formerly employed in various foreign missions under Charles III."

A beautiful Spanish manuscript in folio, being a collection of poems by Juan de Mena and several other Spanish poets. On the fly-leaf of it there is the following note :—"This Manuscript was given to me by Dⁿ Gaspar Melchor de Jovellanos, at Seville, March 21st, 1809. Alvar Garcia de Santa Maria, to whom (as appears by first page) it was dedicated by the collector or the transcriber, was of the Council of John the Second of Castille. The Manuscript must therefore be of the middle of the fifteenth century. Seville, March 1809. Vassall Holland."

We were almost forgetting to mention a MS. collection of Lope de Vega's plays, most of them in his own handwriting—the very autographs that were handed to the printer.

Aristotle's *Organum*. A Manuscript in Greek, possibly of the fifteenth century.

A French Manuscript of the seventeenth century containing "*Recueil de pièces de différens auteurs*

du xvii^e siècle, la plupart inédites. Pour Madame de Sully, malade.”

A MS. fragment of a History of Holland House, by Sir James Mackintosh.

We have taken notes from it for this work, but have left a great deal of interesting matter unused, such as particulars of Pope's enmity for Addison, which scarcely seem relevant to a History of Holland House.

To these must be added :—

A letter, which we here reproduce, by Gonzalvo de Cordova, “the great Captain,” to Miguel Perez de Almagon, Minister of Ferdinand V.

An autograph letter of the Duke of Lerma to Pope Paul V., 1607.

The original of one of the Paston letters.

Several autograph letters from Philip II., Philip III., and Philip IV. of Spain, to the Popes. The fac-simile here given is from Philip II. to Pope Gregory XIII.

A valuable collection of French, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, and English autographs, some bound and some unbound. We find such names as David Hume, Byron, Moore, Rogers, Walter Scott, Sir David Wilkie, Campbell, and Southey ; Madame de Staël, le Comte de Buffon, Cuvier, Lafayette,

meu Santo padre / outras ve-
 zes e suplicas a p. d. mar-
 te pombal e chapelão al' arcebispo
 deo bispá de sembla; ágora lo ga-
 go con' meus irmãos e mes-
 sas confas q' p' o' elle / ay / by para
 no permittir v. d. outra coisa son-
 tar' virgentes como dita e com-
 de olivares agudas en esto me
 fennito / yento muito deffino
 de. q' d. s. m' logo esta gra-
 da san deado impedido / en-
 meu santo ffora grande mto.
 Saver como deves / de nabitiz a
 19. de dezembro 1871

Muy humilde servidor. S.
 J. J. J.

Franklin, Voltaire, Mad. Récamier, Rossini, Ugo Foscolo, and several members of the Bonaparte family, amongst them le Comte de St. Leu, Pauline Borghèse, Prince Eugène, Prince de Canino, Madame Mère, &c.

Of Doblado, James Blanco White, there are three letters in the author's own handwriting, addressed to Elizabeth, Lady Holland.

Amongst minor autographs, the enumeration of which would lead us too far, we may note the original MS. of Lewis's "Bravo of Venice," with clever water-colour illustrations.

And concluding with what many, some even without understanding it, would look upon as a prize in autographs, we must mention the

"Olimpiade, dramma del Signor Abate Pietro Metastasio, musica del Signor Giovanni Battista Pergolese," copied by J. J. Rousseau.

A note at the beginning of the book, in the late Count de Flahault's handwriting, touches upon a sad chord, and strikes us with melancholy:—

"Ce livre, copié de la main de J. J. Rousseau, dans le temps où, pour subsister, il copiait de la musique pour le prix le plus modique, fut envoyé par la Reine de Naples à Mde. de Souza.

“Donné par elle à son fils, il l’a offert à Lord Holland, comme souvenir de son sincère et inaltérable attachement.

“FLAHAULT.

“HOLLAND HOUSE, *le 13 Juin*, 1816.”

But if at first we feel tempted to sympathise with such an intellect reduced to so mechanical an employment, the course of our sympathy is diverted by the reflection that after Jean Jacques had invented his musical signs and become a copyist of music, the wheel of fortune took a comparatively good turn in his chequered existence.

It is an anomaly that genius, which must in some measure compensate for misery when united to it, excites our compassion more than misery would alone; and thus very much compassion has been expended upon the “Philosopher of Geneva.” If for “genius” we were to read “merit,” the case might be otherwise. Still it is not for us to judge him, nor do his doctrines show themselves in the MS. of the *Olimpiade*, which brings his name into these pages.

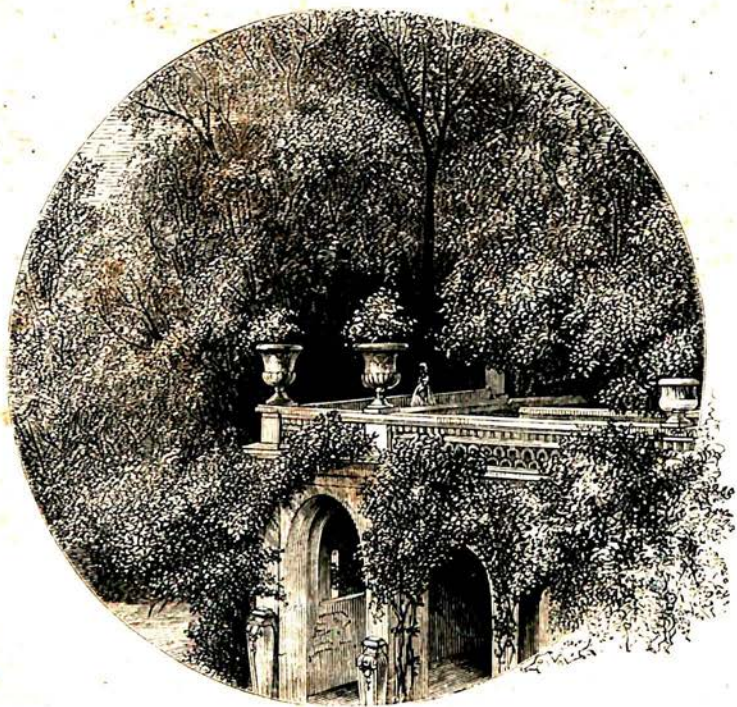
The book is well bound, in excellent preservation, beautifully executed, and is more than a mere curiosity. Music not equal perhaps to that of the *Stabat* and the *Serva Padrona*, but still worthy of

the author of those compositions, and a drama sur-named by the Italians "divino," copied by the founder, however immoral, of a philosophic school, represent an artistic and intellectual triumvirate, which, signalled by the names of Pergolese, Metastasio, and Rousseau, may last in fame so long as civilization lasts in Europe.

Before concluding, we should call the reader's attention to the head and tail pieces of this chapter, representing the signatures of the third and fourth Lords Holland and Charles James Fox.¹

¹ For the *interpretation* and translation of the autograph letters reproduced in this chapter see Appendix F.





CONCLUSION.

AND now my task is over, however inadequately it has been performed. Nor is any apology here offered. It would be better never to have intruded upon the reader at all, than to prolong the intrusion by excuses which must savour of egotism. Still less to the purpose than apology,

would be a vindication ; to say : “ I have tried not to tire you over-much : you have been considerably spared. Many details as to the contents of Holland House have been purposely omitted. It has no more been attempted to notice every interesting or valuable object in the several rooms, than to speak of every room in the house. All the good pictures even have not been mentioned. . . .” Such a tirade the reader might justly interrupt with indignation. All I would simply say is, I have sought to recall a few visions of the past, and to give a homage—feeble, it is true, but yet a homage—to the venerable and beloved house which has acquired for itself an interest in Englishmen’s hearts. Once more, my task is over ; and, strange as it may seem, I leave it with regret.

Proceeding with the work, and gaining a deeper insight into the subject of it, a conviction has increasingly grown upon me that I was rendering but little justice to my theme. More than once have I felt tempted to lay aside the work—not from idleness, but from a sense of unworthiness. But then, encouraged by the love I bear the old house, and also by the notion that *some thing* is better than *no thing*, I laboured on ; and I now place the result tremulously before the public.

From my friends, I hopefully expect to receive indulgence. In regard to others, I shall be more than satisfied if, by the modest effort of my pen, I have in some way contributed towards a better knowledge and appreciation of Holland House—a place so interesting.

It must be remembered that this has been by no means intended as a detailed history of Holland House ; I should feel myself, in every way, unequal to such an undertaking. But I have lived long under the shelter of its roof ; its stones have grown dearer to me day by day ; and the shadows of those who inhabited it, flitting continually before my fancy, their voices speaking to me while the wind has murmured through the cedar-trees, hallow rather than haunt every corner of the old place. Therefore I would fain arrest Time's hand, which is dropping the curtain on bygone scenes, and commit a sketch of them to the mind's eye ere they be obliterated from man's mind.

Most of us have experienced the pang of entering a room associated in our recollections with some dear face, some loved voice, when face and voice are still in death. The arm-chair empty, the writing-desk just as it used to be, the pen laid carelessly down, and perhaps an unfinished sentence

illustrating upon a sheet of paper, better than any stone-cut epitaph, the writer's broken history. Have we not then upraised our souls to heaven and cried out in despair for even *one* moment of the past? But we have cried in vain; and as years roll by, and we hope that time has trampled our sorrow under foot, so surely as we live, too surely do we live to find that the sorrow, if trampled upon, is not annihilated; for time but trampled it down into our own hearts, where it remains deeply rooted, though hidden.

This is what I feel as day after day, living in the midst of such remembrances, no voice comes up from the grave to tell the story of the old walls; and this is what we all must feel if, day after day travelling on life's journey, no stone is raised to mark the best loved spots.

May I not then be forgiven for having endeavoured to disinter some of the past, and to relate what I could gather of interest about the house in which I grew up under the care of her to whom I owe so much? In my endeavour, it is true, I have often fallen short, and perhaps oftener failed entirely. But I crave forgiveness still.

The jewels are not set as they should be set, in a finely-wrought mounting. The relics are not placed,

as they deserve to be placed, in a precious shrine. But the jewels are relics, and the relics are jewels, and I had rather exhibit them in their native splendour and sanctity than unworthily encumbered with fabrications of my own. Thus in diffidence and gratitude I leave them with the reader.



APPENDICES.



APPENDICES.

APPENDIX A.¹

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS UPON COLOURING.

WITH reference to the subject of Sir Joshua's colouring, a note by him in Du Fresnoy's *Art of Painting* will not be without interest. It occurs in connection with the following passage:—

“ . . . for those celestial Hues,
Which Zeuxis, aided by the Attic Muse,
Gave to the wond'ring Eye : . . . ”

See chap. xx. p. 35 : “ But though he had almost boundless admiration for Venetian colouring . . . ”

*Note by Sir Joshua Reynolds.*¹

“From the various antient Paintings, which have come down to us, we may form a judgment with tolerable accuracy of the excellencies and the defects of the art amongst the antients.

“There can be no doubt, but that the same correctness of design was required from the Painter as from the Sculptor; and if the same good fortune had happened to us in regard to their Paintings, to possess what the antients themselves esteemed their master-pieces, which is the case in Sculpture, I have no doubt but we should find their figures as correctly drawn as the Laocoon, and probably coloured like Titian. What disposes me to think higher of their colouring than any remains of antient Painting will warrant, is the account which Pliny gives of the mode of operation used by Apelles, that over his finished picture he spread a transparent liquid like ink, of which the effect was to give brilliancy, and at the same time to lower the too great glare of the colour: *Quod absoluta opera atramento illinebat ità*

¹ The Art of Painting of Charles Alphonse Du Fresnoy. Translated into English verse by William Mason, M.A., with Annotations by Sir Joshua Reynolds, President of the Royal Academy. York, 1783. (Part of Note xxxvii. to line 350.)

tenui, ut id ipsum repercussu claritates colorum excitaret.—Et tùm ratione magna ne colorum claritas oculorum aciem offenderet. This passage, tho' it may possibly perplex the critics, is a true and an artist-like description of the effect of Glazing or Scumbling, such as was practised by Titian and the rest of the Venetian Painters; this custom, or mode of operation, implies at least a true taste of what the excellence of colouring consists, which does not proceed from fine colours, but true colours; from breaking down these fine colours which would appear too raw, to a deep-toned brightness. Perhaps the manner in which Correggio practised the art of Glazing was still more like that of Apelles, which was only perceptible to those who looked close to the picture, *ad manum intuenti demùm appareret*; whereas in Titian, and still more in Bassan and others his imitators, it was apparent on the slightest inspection: Artists who may not approve of Glazing, must still acknowledge, that this practice is not that of ignorance.

“Another circumstance, that tends to prejudice me in favour of their colouring, is the account we have of some of their principal painters using but four colours only. I am convinced the fewer the colours the cleaner will be the effect of those colours, and

that four is sufficient to make every combination required. Two colours mixed together will not preserve the brightness of either of them single, nor will three be as bright as two: of this observation, simple as it is, an Artist, who wishes to colour bright, will know the value."

APPENDIX B.¹

THE FIRST LORD HOLLAND.

APPENDED to our mention of this picture, we would here insert three letters from Henry Fox, afterwards first Lord Holland, which came under our notice too late for insertion in our account of himself (Vol. I. chap. ii.). They are addressed to his friend Peter Collinson, and, as will be seen, two of them corroborate his taste for gardening already hinted at, while the other furnishes some interesting small-talk about his political life.

“ DEAR S^R,

“ Friend Hamilton can not come here on Thursday but says it will be as agreeable to You to

¹ See chap. xx. page 38.

meet Him and to dine here with Him on Saturday which Pleasure Lady Caroline and I expect with great Impatience. May I beg You to call on Mr. Hamilton and make Him come here early on Saturday for He has a great deal to do. And if You will permit Us, Lady Caroline has a thousand Questions to ask You about Flowers, and I not much fewer about Plants.

“ I am, S^r,

“ Your very

“ Humble Servant

“ H. Fox.

“ HOLLAND HOUSE,

Dec^r 18, 1750.

M^r. P^r. COLLINSON.”¹

To the same :—

“ DEAR S^r,

“ I hope You have long before this time got Your Lottery Tickets. I want to raise a Quantity of male spreading Cypress and other Cypress's from Seed. Can You procure me any Cones? I am told Mr. Bincks in Your Neighbourhood may be best depended upon for such as are good. I want likewise some Acorns of Scarlet Oak,

¹ British Museum. Add. MS. 28,727, fol. 20.

and a Bushel or more of Chesnuts for sowing !
Excuse me for troubling You as I think they are
less likely to think of imposing on one so learned,
than on Your ignorant humble Servant

“ H. Fox.

“ Nov^r 5. 1751.

“ Mr. Watson advis’d me to sow something with
a hard Name, to creep on the Ground and cover
with green, all the vacant spaces in my young
Plantations. I wish You would tell me what it
was.”¹

Rather hard upon his learned friend, who, how-
ever, seems to have been equal to the occasion ; for
on Henry Fox’s letter is a note, made probably by
Peter Collinson, to the following effect :—

“ Double-Snowdrops.

“ To remind him in March to sow Candy Tuft,
Rock Stock, Venus Looking Glass, &c.”

To the same :—

“ Dec^r 22. 1754.

“ FRIEND COLLINSON,

“ I’ll get You some of each sort of Seeds.
As to Virginia, Braddock, if He do’s not find it
done to his hands, must clear the Ohio, and build

¹ British Museum. Add. MS. 28,727, fol. 21.

and garrison a Fort in a proper place on that River. Then to Niagara, which I hope will be a Place of Arms, in *the extensive View You mention*, and have arm'd Vessels, under the Direction of whoever shall command there ; on the Lake Erie. Then He must take Crownpoint, and keep and garrison it. And if His Assistance is wanted, last of all sweep the French off from their *Beau Sejour* as they call it near Chenecto Settlements, to introduce which, as this is done, must be the Work of Time and Industry, as well as Arms and Counsel.

“ Now for Your City News.—You are wicked People in the City to report such things without Foundation to the Discredit of Your Neighbours ; unless You think that if £2000 a year is but gain'd, it can be no Discredit to obtain it any how. I believe, Friend, I might have had a Place, as much better than mine as that comes to, or perhaps that added to my own, if I would. But I would have no pecuniary Advantage, lest it should be said that Friend Fox was hir'd, or brib'd. Friend Pitt talk'd well. Fox did not meddle, as Y^r News says, but sate still. The King spoke to Fox, desir'd his Assistance, and bid Him be active ; Fox obeys, and desires a Mark of Favour and Confidence, *not Money, may be the Motive and*

Reason of such Obedience, and is made a Cabinet Counsellor, the only True piece of News in Y^r Gazette.

“I heartily thank You for sending it, and beg You to continue to me, so usefull a Mark of Your Friendship.

“Adieu.”

¹ British Museum. Add. MS. 28,727, ff. 32, 33.

APPENDIX C.¹

LADY SARAH LENNOX.

ON Thursday, . . Lady Susan was at Court with L^y Albemarle, Lady Sarah on the other side of the Room with L^y Car. Fox. The King said to Lady Susan :—

King. You are going into Somersetshire ; When do you return ?

Lady Susan. Not before Winter Sir, and I don't know how soon in Winter.

K. Is there nothing will bring you to town before Winter ?

L. S. I don't know of any thing.

K. Would you not like to see a Coronation ?

¹ See chap. xx. p. 59 : "The first Lord Holland gives us with some variations—the main point, however, agreeing—what must have been these two conversations."

L. S. Yes, Sir, and I hope I should come to see that.

K. I hear it's very popular my having put it off.

L. S. [Nothing.]

K. Won't it be a much finer sight when there is a Queen?

L. S. To be sure, Sir.

K. I have had a great many applications from abroad, but I don't like them. I have had none at home, I should like that better.

L. S. [Nothing (frighten'd).]

K. What do you think of your Friend, you know who I mean. Don't you think Her fittest?

L. S. Think, Sir.

K. I think none so fitt.

He then went across the Room to Lady Sarah, bid Her ask Her Friend what He had been saying, and make Her tell Her, and tell Her all. She assur'd Him She would.

H.M. is not given to joke, and this would be a very bad joke too. Is it serious? Strange if it is, and a strange way of going about it.

We are all impatient to know, and the next Sunday, or the Sunday se'nnight, Lady Sarah go's to Court, out of humour and had been crying all the morning. The moment the King saw Her, He go's to Her.

K. Have you seen your Friend lately ?

L. S. Yes.

K. Has She told you what I said to Her ?

L. S. Yes.

K. All ?

L. S. Yes.

K. Do you approve ?

L. S. made no Answer, but look'd as cross as she could look.

H.M. affronted left Her, seem'd confus'd ; and left the Drawing Room. The Reader will be impatient to know why this young Lady was so cross ; and sorry (as I am) that it came so *mal à propos* as to hinder him and me perhaps from ever knowing what the King meant.¹

The very differences of detail between the foregoing account and that by Mr. Napier seem to substantiate the fact in which both agree.

¹ Holland House MSS. Henry Fox's Memoir.

APPENDIX D.¹

LADY SARAH LENNOX.

A FEW more original and authentic particulars respecting this romantic episode in English History may not be without interest to some of our readers.

“TUESDAY.

“To all whom it may concern.

“On Sunday I heard from good Authority, that the Report of H.M.’s intended Marriage with a Princess of Brunswick was entirely without foundation. And that He was totally free and unengag’d.

“On Monday therefore, which was yesterday, I went to court; I saw the Marq^s of Kildare and Conolly there, to whom I thought His M. had spoke,

¹ See chap. xx. p. 70.

and probably might not speak to me, concerning Lady Sal. I determin'd, however, that He should if I could bring it about. After a Loose Question or two, He in a 3^d supposes I am by this time settled at Holland House. (Now I have you.) I never go there, Sir, says I, there is nobody there. Where is Lady Caroline? In Somersetshire with Lady Sarah. . At that name His Voice and Countenance, gentle and gracious already, softened and He colour'd a little. I am very glad to hear She is so well—As well as any body can be with such an Accident, but the Pain was *terrible* from the Motion of the Coach till she got to Mr. Hoares ;—He drew up his Breath, wreath'd himself, and made the Countenance of one feeling pain himself. (Thinks I you shall hear of that again) I added She is extremely chearfull now and patient and good-humour'd to a degree. Was She going down a Steep Hill when the Horse fell?—I believe not, Sir, the Horse put his foot upon a Stone which broke, and it was impossible He should not fall ; Lady Sarah, I hear, says I, proposes to ride to London upon the same Horse, to clear the Horse from all blame,—That shews says He, a good Spirit in Lady Sarah, but I trust there will be prudence in the Family to prevent it. I fancy says I Lady Caroline will dissuade it, but indeed the

Horse was not to blame ; in rising again his Shoulder press'd Lady Sarahs Leg upon the Stones of which that Road is full and broke it. Then came the same Countenance and Expressions of Uncasiness, which I rather encreas'd by talking again of the Pain the Motion of the Coach gave ; and then reliev'd, by assuring that she had nothing hard to bear now but the Confinement ;—I fancy, says He, that is not very easy to Lady Sarah. And then He left me for some conversation which neither gave Him so much pain or so much pleasure as mine had done. Don't tell Lady Sarah that I *am sure* He intends to marry Her, for I am not *sure* of it. Whether Lady Sarah shall be told what I am sure of I leave to the Readers Judgement. *I am sure* that He loves Her better than N. do's.

“I have shorten'd, not exaggerated a Word in this account, and I don't think it was prevention made me imagine something particular whenever He pronounced, especially the last, *Lady Sarah*. . . .”¹

¹ Holland House MSS. Extract from paper in the handwriting of Henry Fox (afterwards first Lord Holland), which came with a letter from him to Lady Caroline, dated (Tuesday) April 14, 1761.

APPENDIX E.¹

LADY WARWICK AND ADDISON.

SINCE the early part of this work has gone to press, a relation of Addison's has kindly pointed out to us certain circumstances which seem to have been usually overlooked, but which, if better known, might modify the too popular opinion concerning this truly excellent writer's domestic life. At any rate, it is certain that Lady Warwick in her will left an annuity of ten pounds for the poor of Bilton, which would prove that she felt a consideration, if not an endearment, towards the place so especially associated with her great husband. She also left an annuity of fifty pounds (although the continuance of it was conditional) to Mrs. Dorothy Combes, "Sister of my late dear husband Mr. Addison."

¹ See chap. xxiii. p. 125: ". . . after what has been hinted about Addison's unhappy married life"

APPENDIX F.¹

AUTOGRAPH LETTERS.

“PRÆSTANTISSIME WILLHELME fælicitatem.

“Ecquid bone Deus! quid tam diuturnum sibi vult silentium? Quid isthic agas, num bene valeas profecto me latet. Verum bene valere te cuperem. Cetera aliquando mihi aperta fieri exposco. Itane Franciscus tibi alias jucundissimus memoria excidit? Cum potes scribe. Animorum communicatione alitur amicitia. Amo præstantiam tuam idque sponte, magisque præcedentibus meritis. Erit proinde tuæ humanitatis, qua commendabilis es, efficere ut te diutissimo amore prosequar. Et si Petrarchæ nunquam fælicis amor parum, aut verius nil addere potest rebus tuis, tibi tamen erit laudi a

¹ See chap. xxviii. p. 201, note: “For the *interpretation* and translation of the autograph letters reproduced in this chapter see Appendix F.”

cunctis amari. Qualitercunque isthic implicatus sis valetudinem servare studeas, nec ad me, aliquando, nisi crebro, literas dare pretermittas. Si tecum est honestissimus, mihique percharus Jo: Corradus patruus tuus, illum quæso nomine meo salvere iubeas. Propter humanissimos ejus mores, optima studia, ingenium, præcipuamque in me benevolentiam ipsi plurimum afficior. Ambobus diutissimam sospitatem precor. Vale, et Petrarchæ tui amantissimi ne sis immemor. Avcnione III. Idus Maii, MCCCXL.

“ F. PETRARCHA.”

[TRANSLATION.]

“ MOST EXCELLENT GUGLIELMO, all happiness !

“ In the name of good Heaven what means this everlasting silence ? What thou doest there, whether thou art well, is quite beyond my knowledge. But surely I would wish thee good health. As to other news, prithee sometimes let them be opened to me. Hath thy once so pleasing Francesco slipped thus from thy memory ? Write when thou canst. Communion of souls is food of friendship. I love thine excellence, aye, of mine own self, and still more for thy past kindnesses. Hence 'twill be for those good qualities, which are so praiseworthy in thee,

to make me still follow thee with lasting affection. And if unlucky Petrarcha's love can add only too little, or, more truly, nothing, to thy fortune, yet 'twill be to thy credit to be beloved of all men. However thou art involved there, have a good care of thy health; nor fail to write, sometimes at least, if not often. If thy most honourable uncle and my dear friend, Giovanni Corrado, be with thee, prithee salute him in my name. For the sake of his most gentle qualities, his most excellent studies, his nature, and his great kindness to me, my affection to him is deep. I pray for the lasting welfare of both of you. Fare thee well, and be not forgetful of thy most loving Petrarcha. Avignon, 13 May, 1340. "F. PETRARCHA."

ITALIAN LETTER FROM JACOPO SANNAZARO (SIGNED "SYNCERUS").

"MOLTO MAGNIFICO SIGNORE,

"A la lettera di vostra signoria farò succinta risposta, come persona ad chi per gratia di questi Signori le materie son mancate in questa corte. Da qua anchora non havemo cosa alcuna degna di avviso. Il nostro Catholico credo si sia dimenticato havere questo regno qui. Noi anchora stamo come non pensassemo haver signore. Tutta la diligentia è in

fare che il patrone nostro non possa venir a li bagni ad curarsi ; Dio lo perdoni ad chi va ponendo questi scrupuli. Base vostra signoria le mani da mia parte ad la sua Illustrissima, et sappia che mi pare mille anni havere quel sombrero promessomi sin da Francia. Accomandomi ad vostra signoria. Neapoli, 4 decembris, 1518. SYNCERUS TUUS."

[TRANSLATION.]

"MOST MIGHTY SIR,

"I will answer your letter briefly, as one to whom, thanks to these gentlemen, materials have been lacking in this court. From hence we have as yet nothing worthy of notice. Our Catholic one,¹ I think, must have forgotten that he has a kingdom here. We also are as if we did not think we had a ruler. Every effort is being directed to prevent our master from being able to come and cure himself at the baths.² God forgive those who raise these scruples! I would have you kiss your illustrious wife's hands for me, and know that I long for the hat which was promised me even from France. Recommending myself to you, Naples, 4th of December, 1518, your SYNCERUS."

The King.

² Of Ischia. (?)

SPANISH LETTER, TO MIGUEL PEREZ DE ALMAÇON,
WITH A POSTSCRIPT ADDED BY GONZALVO DE CORDOVA.

“MUY MAGNIFICO SEÑOR,

“Miçer Petro Gullo, llevador desta, es un gentil hombre de Esquilache de buena casa, y buen vasallo y servidor del Rey nuestro Señor. Viene a suplicar a su altesa le oyga un caso muy resio que en su tierra le ha acaesçido, y sobrello le mande haser cunplimiento de justiçia. Suplicos, Señor, que, para quel aya bueno y presto despacho, Vuestra Merçed le mande favoresçer y aver recommendado; que demas de administrar le justiçia, como es razon, yo rescebire merçed en todo lo que por el se hisiere. Nuestro Señor vuestra muy magnifica persona y estado guarde y prospere como Vuestra Merçed desca. De Loxa, vij de Jullio.”

By Gónzalvo de Cordova:—

“Suplycos Señor querays que se conosca lo que cree que yo soy tan vuestro servydor que la da¹ provecharmy suplycaros. Gran merçed recebyre en ello pues su justyçya y rason por sy mesmas layudan tanto, y yo quedo a vuestro servyçyo.

“G^o FERR^z, DUQUE DE TERRANOVA.”

¹ The reading is certainly “la da;” the intention may have been “he de.”

Gonzalvo de Cordova's letter, as will be seen from the lithograph, is somewhat puzzling. The secretary's writing can scarcely be considered easy to read; but it is caligraphy itself when compared with that of the great Captain. Moreover, to the difficulties inseparable from such bad writing are added some arising from what is at all events *questionable* Spanish. The following has, however, been suggested to us as a fair rendering in English of what was intended to be written:—

[TRANSLATION.]

“MOST MIGHTY SIR,

“Master Gullo, the bearer of this, is a gentleman from Esquilache,¹ of good family, and a faithful vassal and servant of the King, our ruler. His object is to entreat that your Highness would listen to a hard case which has occurred to him on his property, and upon which he wishes to have the fulfilment of justice. I entreat you, Sir, that to this end you exercise good and quick despatch. May you command that he should be well used and recommended, and in addition to the administration

¹ A town near Naples.

of justice, as is right to expect, may I be pardoned in all which is done for him. Our Lord keep and prosper your very mighty person and estate, according to your wishes.—From Loxa, 7th of July.

“I beg of you, Sir, to show that which you believe, namely: that I am so good a servant of yours that I intend to profit by it and ask for favour. This I shall receive in a great measure [by your attending to my recommendation in behalf of the bearer]; for your justice and wisdom help you so much, and I remain

“Yours to command,

“GONZALVO FERRANDEZ,

Duke of Terranova.”

SPANISH LETTER OF PHILIP II. TO POPE
GREGORY XIII.

“MUY SANCTO PADRE,

“Otras vezes he suplicado a V. S^d. mandase embiar el capelo al cardenal Arçobispo de Sevilla, agora lo hago con nueva Instancia pues las causas que para ello ay, y para no permitir V. S^d. otra cosa, son tan urgentes como dira el conde de Olivares, a quien en esto me Remyto, y en lo mucho que estimare que V. S^d., nos haga esta gracia tan deseada

y pedida, cuya muy Sancta Persona guarde Nuestro Señor como deseo, de Madrid a 19 de deziembre 1584.

“Muy humilde hijo de V. S^a;

“EL REY.”

[TRANSLATION.]

“VERY HOLY FATHER,

“On other occasions I have supplicated your Holiness to command that the red hat be given to the Cardinal Archbishop of Seville. Now I do it with fresh persistence, inasmuch as the reasons which there are for it, and which do not permit your Holiness any thing else, are so urgent, as Count Olivares, to whom I refer in this matter, will tell you, as well as how highly I shall esteem it that your Holiness should do us this favour so much desired and asked for; whose very holy Person may our Lord keep, as I desire. From Madrid, on the 19th of December, 1584.

“Your Holiness’s very humble son,

“THE KING.”

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